THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 1, 1928
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EVERYTHING ABOUT EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

# The BYSTANDER

## 3 Selected Ports

Per dozen carriage paid

**Findlater's "Mitre."** A fine tawny wine, delicate and clean to the palate .. 58/-

**Findlater's "Treble Diamond Port."** This is a lovely soft wine of perfect ruby colour well matured in wood. It is very popular at many well-known clubs 82/-

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"I suppose that's why you say Glyco-Thymoline's less expensive in the long run, Doctor?"

"Certainly—you are asking too much to expect a lower priced preparation to have the same effect. Glyco-Thymoline is more powerful, yet, being an alkaline solution, very soothing. That is why Glyco-Thymoline will give you *instant* relief from catarrh.

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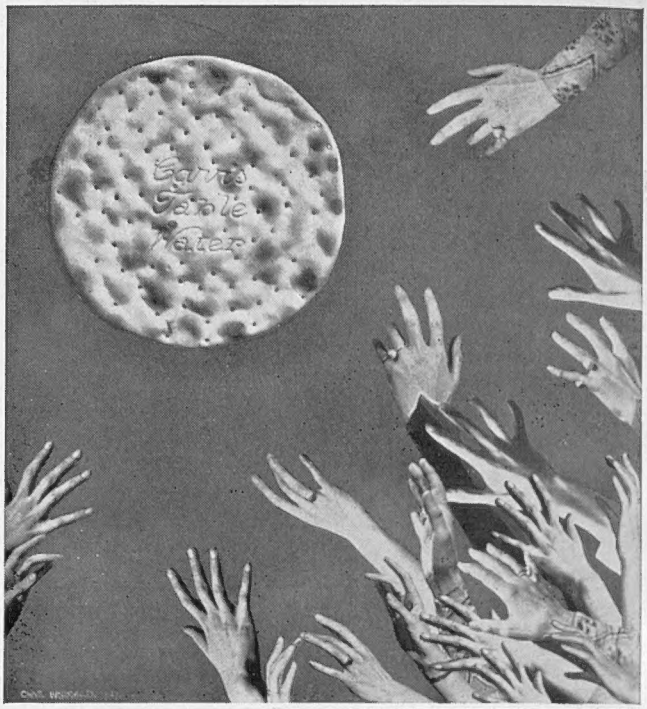


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to stretch but one can be forgiven if it is to reach CARR'S

TABLE WATER BISCUITS

They are so good, so crisp, so thin and are made only by

CARR'S *of* CARLISLE

As you like it—

ANZORA stands no nonsense. Rub a little into your hair—then part it where you wish, or brush it straight back. You will have no more trouble for the rest of the day.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillows; and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, containing a little oil of violets, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores

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*On TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1928.*

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The Bystander, February 1, 1928 No. 1259 Vol. XCVII

# The BYSTANDER

BY JUAN DE SIRRA

## THE REHEARSAL

DUNLOP-THE BIGGEST FACTOR IN MILEAGE, SAFETY, and ECONOMY

They should be on your car.

C.F.H.868

HIS MAJESTY'S GUESTS *Central News*

**The King photographed with the New South Wales Rugby Football team at Sandringham. The Waratahs were entertained to luncheon and tea, and shown round the Royal estate**

# WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

### *The Earl of Athlone*

THE Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice have been so popular in South Africa that it is not surprising they should have been paid the highest compliment a great Dependency can pay its retiring Governor-General—a request that Lord Athlone should take a second term of office. Lord Athlone, who is now the Queen's only surviving brother, has not been to England since his appointment five years ago, and will therefore come home in the summer on a well-earned leave before he starts his fresh term as Governor-General of the Union of South Africa.

But for the War Lord Athlone would have been Governor-General of Canada, having been appointed in 1914, but he did not go out, serving in France instead, where he was mentioned in Despatches. He had been twice in South Africa before he went out as Governor-General, once when he served with the 7th Hussars in Matabeleland, and the second time when he served with the 6th Dragoons in the Boer War.

### *Queen Victoria and Home Rule*

THE publication of the latest volume of Queen Victoria's letters, with their very frank expressions of opinion concerning Mr. Gladstone and other statesmen, makes it possible for your Bystander to tell you a curious happening at Osborne when Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was first mooted. An old friend of your Bystander, the late Mr. Raglan Somerset, who for many years was one of Queen Victoria's Gentlemen Ushers, told him the story.

The provisions of the suggested Bill bewildered the Queen, and Mr. Gladstone's long-winded explanations bewildered her even more. At the outset Mr. Gladstone wished Home Rule for Ireland to be a matter outside party politics, as was shown by his letters to Lord Salisbury and Lord (then Mr.) Balfour. Queen Victoria had the greatest confidence in the late Viscount Cross, who was always supposed to be her unofficial financial adviser. He

*Central News*

**MR. SHAW, THE MANAGER, PRESENTING A MEMBER OF THE TEAM TO THE KING**

A ROYAL VISIT *Sport and General*

**The King of Afghanistan with President Doumergue leaving the Bois de Boulogne Station on the arrival of the Royal party in Paris. The Afghan Sovereigns received a cordial welcome in the French capital**

was a Conservative, and as the matter then was non-party, and as he was known to possess the Queen's confidence, he was asked to go down to Osborne and explain to her the projects of the Home Rule Bill.

Mr. Somerset was on duty in the ante-room when Lord Cross arrived. They were friends, and chatted together until Lord Cross was summoned to the presence. Half an hour afterwards the door from the Queen's room burst open, and Lord Cross, obviously badly upset, came out and passed through the ante-room without taking any notice of Mr. Somerset. The latter heard the explanation when he met Lord Cross in London a few weeks later.

### *"Treason!"*

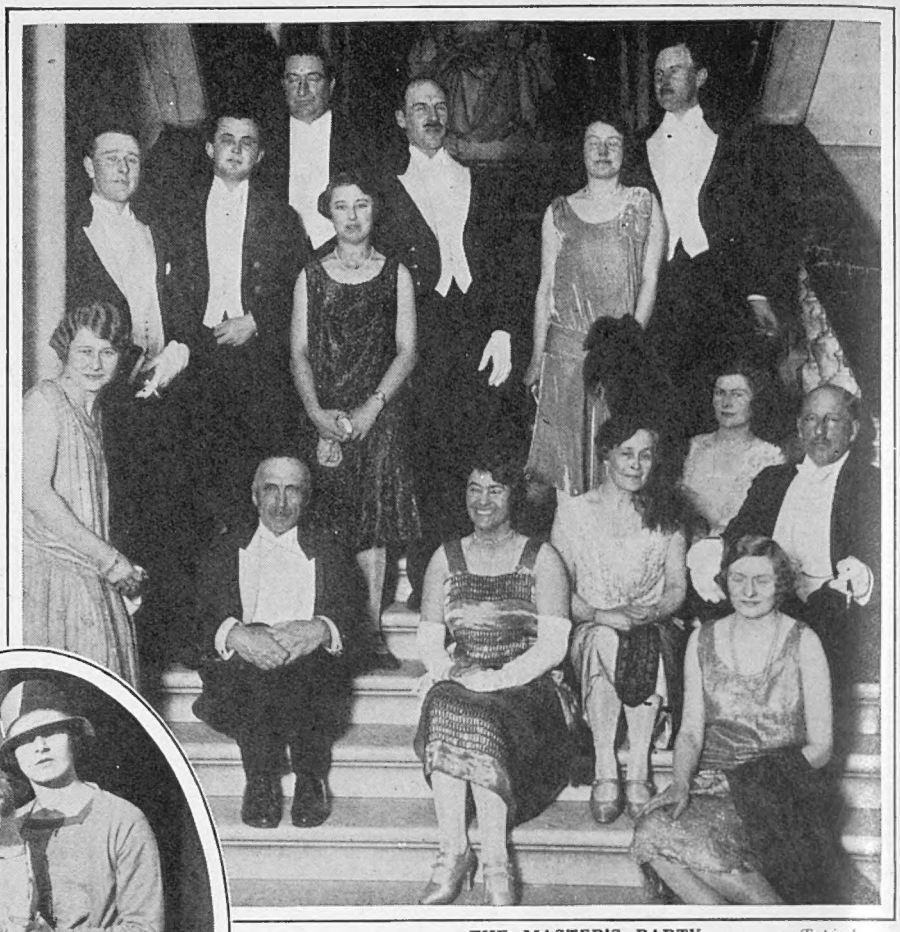
Lord Cross began by apologising for his behaviour at Osborne, but explained that he was so upset he scarcely knew what he was doing. He found the Queen, who was then suffering rather severely from rheumatism, huddled up in a chair with a double-handled black stick beside her.

He began explaining the Bill, clause by clause. Suddenly, the Queen got up and began walking backwards and forwards, leaning heavily on her stick, saying something Lord Cross didn't hear. Her pace became quicker and firmer. Twice she banged the end of her stick on the floor, crying, "Treason! Treason!"

When he had finished his explanation Lord Cross rolled up the paper and looked at the Queen. He told Mr. Somerset he had never been so awed in his life. He said he felt he was looking on actual majesty. The Queen appeared to be three times her height, her head was up, her eyes were blazing. In her clear, ringing voice she said,

"Go back to those who sent you here, Lord Cross, and tell them that if this Bill becomes law I abdicate. No part of my kingdom shall be taken from me. Go!"

She pointed imperiously to the door, and Lord Cross was so overcome by what he described as the "spirit of majesty in the flesh" that he hurried from the room without taking leave.



THE MASTER'S PARTY *Topical*

**Col. G. Blewitt, Joint-Master, and his party at the Essex and Suffolk Hunt Ball at the Moot Hall, Colchester. The photograph shows, standing: Miss N. Crossman (left), Mr. Ridley, Mr. Crossman, Junr., Mr. R. Warner, Miss D. Crossman, Lt.-Col. G. Blewitt, Mrs. C. Rowley, Major A. J. R. Waller. Sitting: Mr. Percy Crossman (left), Mrs. A. J. Munnings, Mrs. Crossman, Mrs. R. Long, Mrs. Crewdson, and Col. J. de V. Bowles**

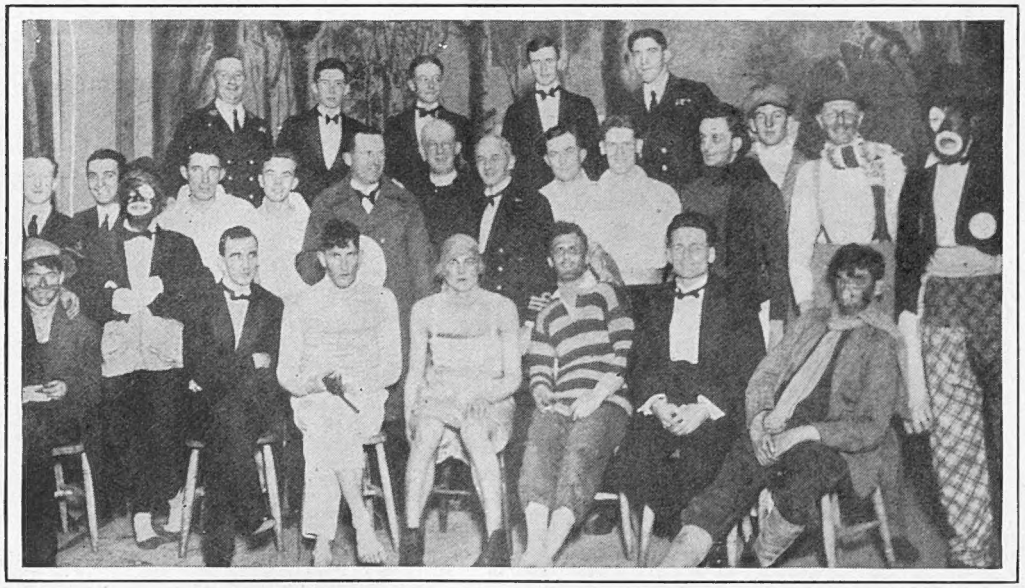
*Photographs*

MRS. COWLEY WITH ALBOURNE DELIGHT AND ALBOURNE ISLA

*Sport and General*

THE HON. EILEEN HOOD WITH LITTLE LADY OF BOUGARBER

**Two photographs from the Sussex Canine Association's Members' Dog Show at Bognor. The canine competitors "sat up and took notice" in the approved manner**



THE "FUNNY PARTY" *A. Beckett*

**The Concert Party of H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth who gave a distinct shock to believers in the "Silent Navy" theory at a charity performance at the Royal Naval Theatre, Corrodina, Malta. The company was very strong in the "slapstick" department, and the singing of the male chorus had to be heard to be believed**

### *Dorchester House*

A determined effort is being made to save Dorchester House in Park Lane from demolition. For some time past a committee of distinguished folk has been actively at work getting support for a scheme by which this superb house—it is really a palace—may become a national Shakespeare theatre, and an art centre besides.

The Shakespeare Memorial Committee has decided to allot £90,000 towards the purchase, and an anonymous donor has offered another £100,000. On the other hand, there is talk of a syndicate offering £400,000, which, I suppose, means that if the Committee cannot raise the required amount

Dorchester House, the finest private house we have left in London, will be pulled down, and the history of the Devonshire House and Grosvenor House sites repeated. We shall then doubtless have more of that architecture in Park Lane which has been described as "an American film producer's idea of ancient Babylon."

So let us all hope, for the double reason of preserving a fine old house and having a Shakespeare theatre in London, the Committee will win—and help it if we can.

### *Parliament and the Peerage*

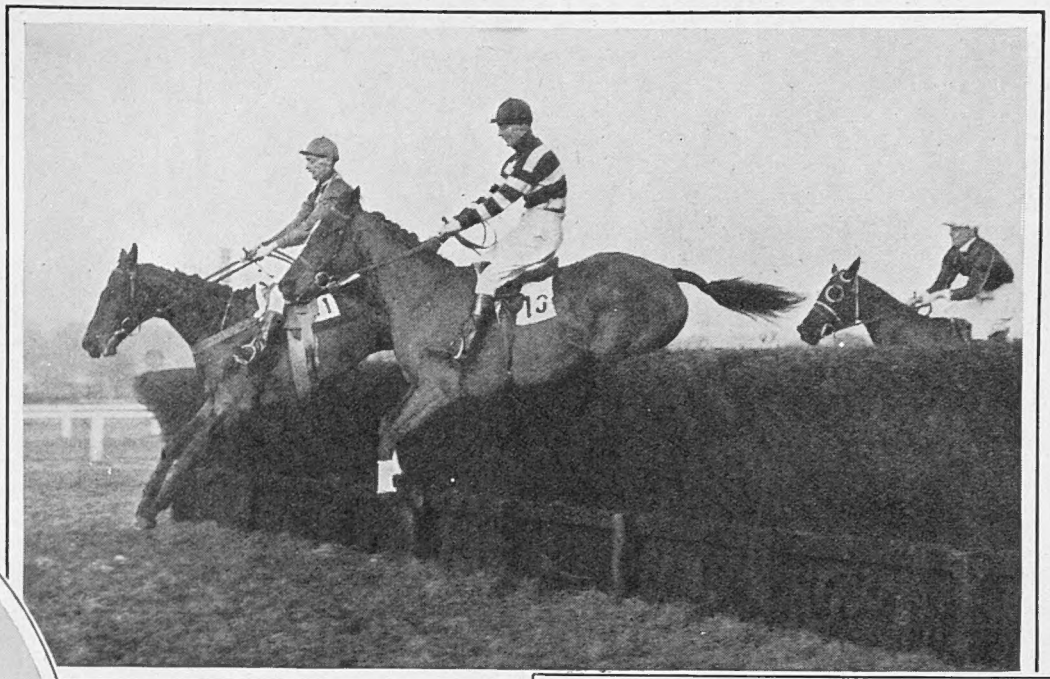
With so many scions of the peerage going into business the old tradition that heirs to peerages should have experience of the House of Commons before the time came for them to take their seats in the Lords is rapidly fading into the background. However, two heirs to peerages will be candidates on the side of the present Government at the next election. One of these is Lord Dunglass, the eldest son of the Earl of Home, who is twenty-four, and the other is the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, the eldest son of the Duke of Hamilton, who is a year older. His prowess as an amateur prize-fighter has gained for him the name of "The Fighting Marquess." Both are going to stand for Scottish constituencies, Lord Dunglass for the Coatbridge Division of Lanarkshire, Lord Douglas and Clydesdale for Govan, in Renfrewshire.

Two years ago Lord Douglas and Clydesdale made a tour through Australia and New Zealand with Mr. Eagan, an American Rhodes Scholar, with whom he made great friends at Oxford, giving exhibition boxing matches in aid of charities.

### *After Two Centuries*

The Duke of Hamilton's second son, Lord George Douglas-Hamilton, who is a godson of the King, by a curious arrangement made in the reign of Charles I will become Earl of Selkirk at his father's death. The first Earl of Selkirk married a Duchess of Hamilton in her own right, and being created Duke of Hamilton for his lifetime surrendered up all his other honours to King Charles, who re-conferred them with the proviso that the Earldom of Selkirk should go to the Duke's second son.

There were six Earls of Selkirk, and when the last one died in 1885 his nearest relation was the then Duke of Hamilton. Thus, the title returned to the source from which it came after a space of



*Central News*

**Soldier's Joy (Capt. Gossage), the winner, seen farthest from the camera, and Irish Temple taking the Open Ditch in the United Services' Cup Steeplechase**

## AT THE RACES

A photographic selection gleaned during the recent steeplechases at Newbury

*News Illus.*

**MRS. H. D. SIMONDS AND MR. STUBBS**

*Topical*

**MISS G. NORRIS (left) AND MISS ROSE STRATTON**

*News Illus.*

**LADY BURSTALL AND COLONEL BERKELEY**

*News Illus.*

**MR. AND MRS. W. G. LOWNDES**

*Lenare*

**A BRIDE-TO-BE**

**Miss Judith Leveson-Gower, daughter of the Rev. F. A. G. Leveson-Gower, of Singleton Rectory, whose engagement to Mr. Malcom Vaughan has been announced. She is a niece of the famous cricketer, Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower**

*Photographs* **TO MARRY**

**Miss Margaret Chilton, who is to marry Mr. Piers Danvers Power. Her father, the Rev. Arthur Chilton, D.D., is the Headmaster of the City of London School**

**RECENTLY ENGAGED** *Vandyk*

**Miss Marigold Portman, the daughter of the late Mr. C. B. Portman, of Ceylon, and Mrs. Portman, of Queen's Gate. Her fiancé, Mr. Raymond Patterson, is the son of Emily Lady Scott**

240 years, and following the proviso of Charles I will go to the present Duke of Hamilton's second son.

The widow of the last Earl of Selkirk died only eight years ago, and lived for many years in the house which was known as "the haunted house of Berkeley Square."

### *Pictures to be Seen*

THERE is an exhibition of pictures by Baron Arild Rosenkrantz at the Abbey Gallery in Victoria Street, to which those of you who love to look upon beautiful creations should go. It is difficult to convey to you the atmosphere of beauty, the pervading sense of reverence which these pictures create in the little gallery. I can only suggest that you should go and see the pictures yourselves.

We are always complaining that artists have no imagination, that they paint only what they see. If you go to the Abbey Gallery I think you will agree with me when I say that the painter's brush has put dreams and visions on his canvas.

*Poole, Waterford*

**A FEBRUARY BRIDE**

**Miss Nesta Villiers-Stuart, daughter of the late Major Villiers-Stuart. She is to wed Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald on February 14**

*Lafayette*

**MISS GAYNOR MARIE GILDEA**

**Whose engagement to Mr. Francis H. M. Lloyd, of the Royal Artillery, was recently announced. She is the only child of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Arthur Gildea, and the granddaughter of the late Colonel Sir James Gildea, G.B.E., K.C.V.O., C.B., who founded the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families' Association**

**AT THE RECEPTION** *Vandyk*

**Mr. A. Bugler and his bride, Miss Sylvia Altman, photographed with the bridesmaids and best man at the reception at the Langham Hotel after their wedding at All Souls Church, Langham Place. Mrs. Bugler is the daughter of the late Sir Albert and Lady Altman**

It is certainly one of the most outstanding exhibitions of pictures I have seen for many years. It gives you profound thought and mastery of technique.

### *A Royal Matinée*

WHAT promises to be a magnificent spectacle is to take place at His Majesty's Theatre on the afternoon of February 14, when what is described as an "historical gala" will take place in aid of the Queen Mary Wing of the

Royal Free Hospital. Lady Newnes is arranging the *matinée*, and the date has been fixed by the Queen, who has announced her intention of being present. The dresses and jewels, I hear, will be magnificent, being copies of those actually worn at a great party given by Pauline Borghese on her brother Napoleon's marriage to Marie Louise, and are being brought from Paris for the performance. Lady Newnes will take the part of Marie Louise, and Sir Frank Newnes that of Napoleon. Amongst a list of those taking part are the Countess of Bessborough, Lady Ossulston, Baroness Margaret Palmstierna, Lady Muriel Gore-Browne, Miss Marjorie Clarke-Jervoise, and Sir Ronald Sinclair. Tickets, which range from 3*s.* to £5 5*s.*, may be obtained from Miss Maxwell-Lyte, 61, Warwick Square, S.W.1, or from the box-office of His Majesty's Theatre.

*G.P.U.*

**LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S**

**Mr. Mark Johnstone, the elder son of the Hon. Gilbert and Mrs. Johnstone, and his bride, Miss Susan Head, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Head, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. The honeymoon is being spent in Ceylon**

*Vandyk*

**THE BRIDAL GROUP**

**Mr. Victor Goodman, M.C., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Goodman, and his bride, formerly Miss Julian Morrell, only child of Mr. Philip and Lady Ottoline Morrell, with their retinue after their wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The bridesmaids were Lady Anne and Lady Peggy Cavendish-Bentinck, Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay, Miss Vera Grenfell, Miss Alice Bentinck, and Miss Catherine Peel. The trainbearers were Miss Frances and Miss Laura Grenfell, and the best man Lord Romilly**

*Sport and General*

**AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL**

**Mr. Ralph Abel Smith photographed leaving the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, with his bride, formerly Miss Olive Ismay. Mr. R. Abel Smith is in the Grenadier Guards**

*Planet News*

**A SCOTTISH BRIDE**

**Mr. James Dewhurst Milne photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Isabel McCaskie, of Craigerne, Peeblesshire, Scotland. The wedding took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton**

### *Sunshine and Inoculation*

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ALBEMARLE, who have practically forsaken London for Quidenham Hall, at Attleborough, in Norfolk, are amongst those who, like Princess Mary, are seeking the sun in Egypt.

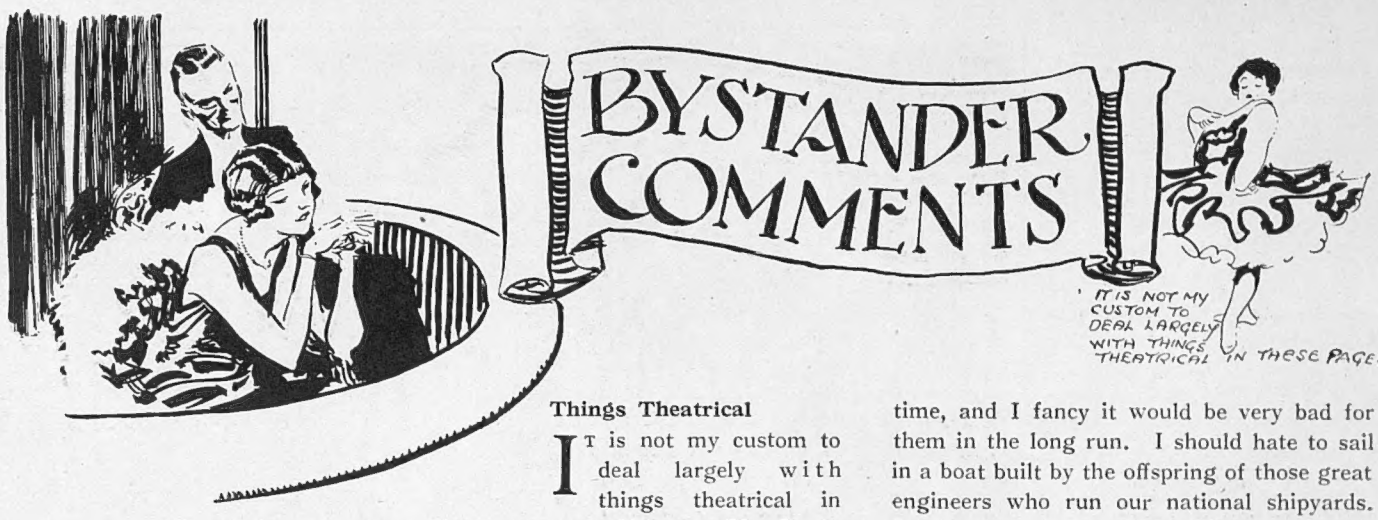
Once upon a time one started off gaily for Egypt, India, and other places where "Every prospect pleases," at a season when there is nothing but rain, fog, snow, sleet, ice, floods, influenza and pneumonia in this blessed island, with no further bother than your ticket. But now you've got to be inoculated, as well as pay for your passage. And not one inoculation! For Egypt there's one each for para-typhoid and typhoid. If you go farther afield with the hope of thoroughly thawing yourself in the Tropics there are extra inoculations for plague and cholera.

### *What a Queen Could Do*

BUT to return to Lord Albemarle. For generations the Keppels have been in the service of the Court—a tradition which is kept up to-day, Lord Albemarle's brother, the Hon. Sir Derek Keppel, "Duty Derek," as he is called at Court, being the Master of the Household. One Lord Albemarle—the fourth Earl—was Master of the Horse at the time of Queen Victoria's Coronation. When the young Queen went to be proclaimed she arranged that she should be accompanied in the State coach by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and one of her Ladies. Lord Albemarle insisted that, as Master of the Horse, it was his right to drive in the coach, because he had done so with William IV on a similar occasion.

The situation was awkward. The Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, was regarded as an infallible authority upon etiquette and precedents. Lord Albemarle put Queen Victoria's objection and his own claims to a seat in the coach before the Iron Duke. He got this answer:

"The Queen can make you go inside the coach or outside the coach, or run behind it like a tinker's dog."




ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

### Things Theatrical

IT is not my custom to deal largely with things theatrical in these pages. For one thing, our Mr. Jingle covers the ground too adequately to need support from my lay pen, and for another the stage gets a lot more publicity than is good for it.

'THE DOMESTIC SIDE OF A STAGE STAR'S LIFE DOES NOT INTEREST ME—'

### Periods of Decadence

BUT during the past week I have been personally interested in two items of theatrical news. At All Souls Church, Langham Place, the Bishop of Willesden dedicated the font-cover presented in memory of poor Rosalie Courtneidge, and in doing so had many wise things to say about the periods of decadence—Roman, Restoration, and so on—through which the playhouse has passed. As chairman of the Actors' Church Union the Bishop is in close touch with the stage, and his tolerant views were excellently timed and excellently expressed. There is very little wrong with the theatre at the moment.

### A Comic Quarrel

I WAS also intrigued by the comic quarrel over the production of *The Young Visiters* by children of famous players. I have always resented the exploitation of these young people—entirely in their own interests, be it said. The domestic side of a stage star's life does not interest me at all—their matrimonial troubles and their twins leave me quite cold.

'A HOLIDAY MAGAZINE CONDUCTED BY THE SONS OF WELL-KNOWN EDITORS MIGHT FLATTER THE PATERNAL FEELINGS OF A FEW PARENTS—'

### Back to the Nursery

A HOLIDAY magazine conducted by the sons of well-known editors might flatter the paternal feelings of a few parents, but I should not expect it to thrill more than a handful of magazine readers. It would certainly encourage the youngsters in the foolish belief that they were famous before their time, and I fancy it would be very bad for them in the long run. I should hate to sail in a boat built by the offspring of those great engineers who run our national shipyards. I trust that no son of Mr. Rowntree or Mr. Cadbury will expect me to eat the chocolates made by his 'prentice hands. I should certainly be sick if I did.

### A Cardboard House

IT is time that the actors got back to the stage. Time that they stopped letting us into the secrets of their boudoirs, their garages, and their dressing-rooms. Very few of them can have the time or the literary incompetence to write the feeble articles that appear in the lesser magazines. We want to forget that they have homes and babies like the rest of us. I can remember the time when there was a glamour about the stage; when the actor was lost in the character he played and when he donned a different personality with each new production. It distresses me to be reminded that musical comedy stars have husbands—to say nothing of daughters capable of acting as well as their mothers. Let us foster our illusions lest the whole cardboard house collapses at a touch.

### Filkins, Oxon

IT is, however, always interesting to follow to their homes those famous folk who do not court publicity, and so when I read the very encouraging review of British finance and commerce made by Mr. F. C. Good-enough at the general meeting of Barclays Bank I pictured him marshalling his facts at his beautiful home in the quaint little Oxfordshire village with the quaint name of Filkins. If you have motored from Burford to Lechlade you will have visited Filkins without being aware of the fact—unless you took the trouble to inquire the name of the handful of houses passed upon the road.

'IT DISTRESSES ME TO BE REMINDED THAT MUSICAL COMEDY STARS HAVE HUSBANDS—'

### An Excellent Epilogue

One gets a little bored with those Darbys and Joans who trot out the conventional platitudes, and so it was rather a relief to find Mrs. Francis Baker handing out a bit of the real stuff to a reporter who called at her house on the seventieth anniversary of her marriage. Worry, said Mrs. Baker, was all very well in its way so long as you didn't have too much of it, while quarrels were rather stimulating matrimonial episodes providing they didn't last more than five minutes. There is a deal of horse-sense in those two remarks which constitute an excellent epilogue to a long life well spent.

### Football Favourites

Taking as I do a rather detached interest in professional football, it is still curious that I have my favourites among the eighty odd clubs constituting the three Divisions. Not unnaturally there is a slight bias in favour of Metropolitan teams. I always glance at the stop-press column to see if the Arsenal or the 'Spurs are fighting their way out of the ruck of the First Division; while the relative positions of Chelsea and Manchester City in Division II continue to intrigue me. These things are fairly inevitable, but why I should follow the fortunes of Millwall and Swindon Town I really couldn't say.

### Fifty-fifty

That story of the American who sailed to England on a British boat and, finding that he could get a real cocktail for a shilling, tried to push his wife through a porthole, calls to mind the best bit of acting on the London stage at the moment. In *The High Road* Fred Kerr holds up the play, as the author intended, with his maiden effort to acquire the cocktail habit. Some people will praise the author, and some will award the palm to the actor, but I am inclined to think that the side-splitting result is directly due to a wonderful bit of team work for which both are responsible.

### Aldershot Tattoo

The Aldershot Command Searchlight Tattoo is becoming so popular that it will soon become our leading national institution. Already, arrangements are well in hand for this year's show, even though it is not due until the middle of June, and the traffic arrangements resemble those made for the Derby itself. There can be no doubt that anyone who has once seen this fine spectacle becomes a permanent patron and looks upon it as the first important engagement to be entered in his new diary. Personally, I was invited to join a private party for the next Tattoo over a month ago.

### 400,000 Visitors

As usual, the Tattoo will be held in Ascot Week, and Major Newington tells me that before the end of last year advance bookings at Aldershot headquarters had already run into four figures, many people securing their seats while the 1927 Searchlights were still illuminating the Plain. True, there is room on the Rushmoor Arena for 400,000 people spread over the five days, but this accommodation will be entirely inadequate. Since the last Tattoo many new approaches have been made until now it may be truly said of Aldershot that all roads lead to or from the Arena.

### Modern Crusaders

The 1928 Tattoo is to be divided into four distinct phases, which among them will enrol a company of between 4,500 and 5,000 soldier actors. We shall see the evolution of the Tattoo from a mere drum-tap to the elaborate military ceremony of modern days. We shall be shown mail-clad men, horse and foot, whose red-cross shields and banners tell them to be British soldiers of the Cross assembling under Richard I for the Third Crusade. Wellington's storming and capture of the city of Badajos follows, and the ruined Menin Gate will recall poignant memories, while an even nobler conclusion is promised than that which last year moved many of the onlookers to tears.

By David Wilson

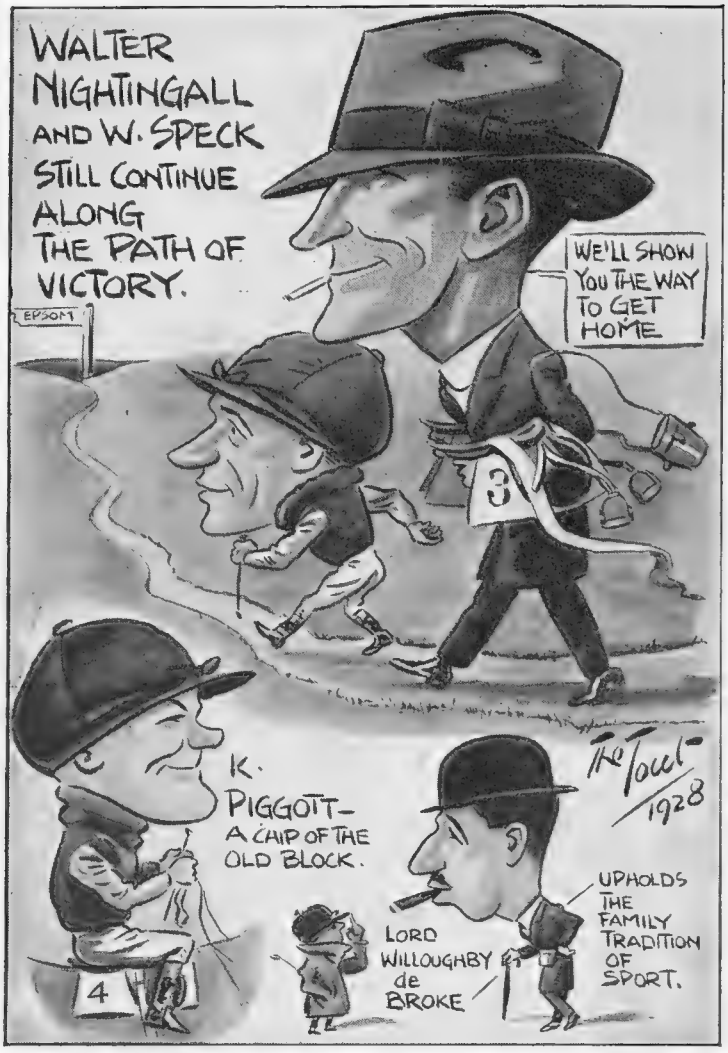
"AJAX" COOK DEFYING THE LIGHTNING!

### Shakespeare at Norwich

Shakespearian enthusiasts are hereby reminded that Mr. Nugent Monck and his Norwich Players will revive *Coriolanus* during the whole of next week, at the Maddermarket Theatre. In view of the controversy raging at the present time upon the staging of Shakespeare, this production—on an open stage—suggesting the Elizabethan manner, while using the modern methods of lighting and decoration, should be of more than local interest. Norwich is perhaps the only place in England where a definite attempt is made to develop the Elizabethan playhouse.

### Almost Sacred

Two interesting points arose out of an action by a Wiltshire farmer against a magistrate and a police constable for the wrongful execution of a warrant. The magistrate, giving evidence, said he "took it for granted that they (the police) would not ask me to sign anything that was out of order." And the judge before whom the action was tried said he had to bear in mind what was regarded as the *almost* sacred right of every citizen not to have the privacy of his own house disturbed. The italics are mine. How long has an Englishman's home been *almost* his castle?




CAUGHT ON THE COURSE By "The Tout"

**No trainer this season has been in better form than Walter Nightingall, whose horses continue to go from one success to another, and the stable jockey, W. Speck, has contributed in no small degree to these victories. K. Piggott is making a big reputation over the sticks and has inherited his father's (Ernie Piggott) ability and judgment. Lord Willoughby de Broke is a keen sportsman and popular figure at all meetings: he is in the 17/21st Lancers**

# RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

### *Billy Barton*

BEFORE the entries for the Grand National appeared I was able to tell you something of the performances of Billy Barton in his own country. Obviously from his record there he was a pretty useful horse, but I am bound to confess I did not think he would be equal to winning his race at Newbury last week on appearing in public for the first time in this country. It did not seem to improve his chances of success when D. Williams, who has been riding him at Wroughton, was unable to take the mount owing to the fall he sustained on the preceding afternoon. A new jockey was found in "Tommy" Morgan, who is attached to Major "Rattle" Barrett's small stable, and shares the talent of his various relatives in steeplechase riding.

### *A Good Jockey*

IT does not seem long ago since Tommy was a 6st. boy, and I have a vivid recollection of the lad riding the winner of the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom at something like that weight. All too quickly he became too heavy for regular riding on the flat, and now he has settled down as a professional under National Hunt Rules. He will not get many better rides this year than Billy Barton gave him at Newbury. Everybody was astonished by the ease with which this horse covered these not particularly simple fences. I always think that if a horse can get over the Newbury country he will do well on any track other than Liverpool. It now remains to be seen whether Billy Barton will find the Grand National jumps much more difficult than those which he encountered last week. Should they have no terrors for him he may easily run away with the race with only 10st. 11lb. on his back.

### *Question of Weight*

PEOPLE are already saying that he is the blot on the Liverpool handicap. Evidently Mr. Topham has not set much store by the form which Billy Barton and Burgoright have displayed in America. His estimate of them appeared to be justified when the latter horse, who is being trained at Findon by "Bob" Gore, came to grief in his race at Lingfield a fortnight ago, but since Billy Barton scored so handsomely at Newbury there is a different tale to tell. Mr. Topham must be wondering whether he has not made a serious mistake in placing Mr. Howard Bruce's horse within 11lb. of the bottom weights. It is no light task for a horse with 11st. 12lb. on his back to make the whole of the running in a three-mile steeplechase at Newbury and to resist all efforts to overhaul him in the last half-mile. This is what Billy Barton accomplished last week and I imagine that the Hon. Aubrey Hastings must have been agreeably surprised by the result.

### *Aintree Prospects*

IT certainly staggered other people who had regarded the enterprise of American owners in sending their steeplechasers to England as rather a futile proceeding. Whether Billy Barton wins the Grand National or not, Mr. Howard Bruce now has the satisfaction of knowing that his judgment in shipping Billy Barton across the Atlantic has been justified. Nothing in the horse's appearance suggests that he will fail to get round at Liverpool. He has all the necessary power, being compactly put together and well balanced on good limbs. He was a useful performer on the flat before he was put to jumping, among his successes being the Cuban Derby. I daresay Tommy Morgan would be exceedingly glad to be given the mount on this horse in the Grand National, but according to present arrangements Billy Barton is to be ridden at Liverpool by the jockey who has been on his back throughout his successful jumping career in the United States.

### *An American Amateur*

THIS is Mr. Albert G. Ober, the honorary whipper-in of the Elkridge Hounds, of which pack Mr. Howard Bruce is the Master. It will, of course, be said that Billy Barton would possess a better chance of winning the Grand National if ridden by one of our own professional jockeys, but this is a race in which amateurs often shine just as much as professionals do. For instance, Mr. Barney Balding, who has ridden against Mr. Ober in many Hunt races in America, finished fourth in the Grand National last year when taking his first mount in that race. I need hardly remind you, too, of the splendid performance of Mr. G. W. Pennington in finishing second on Bovril III in the same event. Nobody wishes to see the coming Grand National taken out of the country, but we cannot fail to admire the sporting spirit in which Billy Barton has been sent to compete for that prize.

### *Wroughton Trainer*

THE horse is lucky to be in the hands of Mr. Hastings, a past-master in the art of preparing horses for Liverpool. He has already won the blue riband of steeplechasing with Ascetic Silver, Ally Sloper, and Master Robert. And now with Billy Barton and a number of other useful entrants in his establishment the Wroughton trainer will be hopeful of carrying off the prize yet again. All the way through the racing at Newbury last week was most entertaining. We always appear to get the best class of jumping both at this meeting and at Sandown Park. Favourites turned up in sufficient numbers to cause backers to have a tolerably good time, but it was not a happy meeting for Walter Nightingall's stable, which has been doing so well in other directions this season. Its patrons had two regular gambles, one on Battler, on the first day, and the other on Volta's Pride on Thursday, but both horses failed to run up to expectations.

### *Racing Fixtures*

FROM the Great Western Railway, which caters so well for Newbury, Cheltenham, and all the other meetings covered by its system, I have received a booklet of "Racing Fixtures for 1928." It is a useful production, giving the dates of all National Hunt meetings as well as those under Jockey Club Rules.

# A Football Causerie from France and England

*Central News*

THE WARATAHS BEAT FRANCE

A Waratah photographed being tackled low by a Frenchman in the recent Rugger match between New South Wales and France at Colombes. The visitors won by 11 points to 8

RUGGER AT RICHMOND *L.N.A.*

J. H. Bordass, of Richmond, scoring a try against the London Scottish in the recent match at the Athletic Ground. The Richmond XV won by 28 points to 16

ENGLAND AT SWANSEA *Central Press*

A photograph of a Welsh attack during the International between England and Wales at Swansea. England just managed to win by 10 points to 8

A SOCCER INCIDENT *Topical*

The Tottenham Hotspur goalkeeper beaten by Smith in the League match which Huddersfield won 4—2. Huddersfield are second in the Championship

THE CAPTAINS *Photopress*

Kail and Kean, England v. The Rest, shake hands before the match at West Bromwich

# Riviera Notes

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

I THINK a great many people envied the competitors in the Rallye Automobile the other day as they arrived in the centre of Monte Carlo after dashing across half a dozen countries or so, through all kinds of weather, to find a blue sky awaiting them, which probably exceeded their most optimistic dreams. They had a warm welcome from the sun, and another equally warm from the crowd, which had a special cheer, as usual, for the Hon. Victor Bruce and his wife and their trusty A.C., without which no Rallye would be really complete. Hill-climbing tests and various other competitions occupied a few days, and the week ended up with a big banquet, which one of my friends described beforehand as the digestive test, but which I have every reason to believe he enjoyed quite as much as anyone else, and with no ill after-effects.

A DAY ASHORE *P. and A.*

**Mr. Solly Joel with Mr. Dudley Joel and the Duke of Laureno on a visit to watch the tennis at Cannes. Mr. Joel is paying his annual visit to the Riviera on his yacht "Eileen"**

THERE have been many large parties lately in Monte Carlo. Sir William and Lady Pitcairn Campbell entertained about two hundred friends to tea at the Ambassadeurs, and Mr. O'Hagan has had quite as many at each of the first two musical recitals for which his fine villa at Roquebrune is famous. Birthdays provided excuses for some large and cheery dinners, one of them given at the Ambassadeurs by Sir Harry Samuel in honour of the anniversary of Lady Samuel, and another at the same restaurant by Sir William and Lady Yarworth Jones to celebrate the birthday of the former. Apparently the longer people live on the Riviera the younger they feel, and birthdays are therefore treated as joyous occasions. It is not everyone, however, who marks one of these festive events with a cake decorated with seventeen candles, as I remember Margot Asquith did last year at Cannes.

WHILE on the subject of large parties, a record number of big liners will call at Monaco or Villefranche this season in the course of the various Mediterranean cruises, and already several luncheons for three hundred guests at a time have been held at the Grand Hotel at Monte Carlo for passengers making an excursion ashore. It is a remarkable sight to witness the landing of these large parties, and the motor transport and the feeding arrangements are a masterpiece of organisation, in which the mere landlubbers try to show the seafaring men what they can accomplish when they are really put to it. Cannes is now beginning to ask the reason why its exceptionally fine harbour facilities are not being used by some of the steamship lines, and I hear the Cosulich Line is giving the idea serious consideration, and may arrange something shortly in reply to this argument by Cannes in favour of its harbour.

MOTORING IN THE SOUTH *Navello*

**The Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce, who took part in the Rallye Automobile at Monte Carlo. They finished fifth**

YACHTS are becoming numerous in every port along the Côte d'Azur, and the best berths are nearly all taken. Mr. Gordon Selfridge's yacht has been cruising about, and others, chiefly quartered at Cannes, include Sir James Knott's *Princess*, Mr. Solly Joel's *Eileen*, Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's *Vita*, chartered by Mr. J. Craven, of Los Angeles; Lord Wolverton's *Maid Marion*, awaiting the return of her owner from Egypt; Sir Warden Chilcott's picturesque *Dolphin*, which has just gone across to Corsica; Mr. K. Lee Guinness's *Migrant*; the Duke of Westminster's *Cutty Sark*; and countless others of all sizes and degrees of luxury. We are quite accustomed to see the smartest yachts and the smartest automobiles on the Riviera, and, in fact, we expect it.

*Sport and Genera*

AT THE NEW COURTS

**Lady Vyvyan (left) and Mrs. Symonds photographed at Cannes. They were among the onlookers at the New Courts Lawn Tennis Tournament**

THE development scheme of the company which owns Monte

Carlo Casino is going to be an enormous one, and the capital is to be increased from 38,000,000 francs to 47,500,000 francs. The fresh financial arrangements are keeping M. René Leon busy for approximately twenty-four hours a day, but, fortunately, he is of an iron constitution, and, moreover, seems to thrive on hard work. The official inauguration of the new Country Club will take place this month, and the Duke of Connaught is to be present, so it will be a ceremony worth while attending. Monte Carlo intends to be not only the most fashionable pleasure resort in the world during the winter months, but to be equally famous in summer, and if there are any people who can do this it will be M. René Leon and his capable staff of helpers.

THE opera season now beginning offers many attractions, and in addition to many old favourites we are promised four novelties, and it is a further novelty that none of them comes under the heading of grand opera. There will be a comic opera, "Don Todero Brontolon," with music by Malpiero and words by Goldini, and three new works, each described as *opera bouffe*. These comprise "Esther of Carpentras," the music by Millaud and lyrics by Lunel; "Chirurgie," written by Tchekov and composed by Ferroud; and "Fille d'Abdonbarahah," written and composed by Sauvel. The titles are mysterious and alluring enough, not to say unpronounceable, but if M. Raoul Gunsbourg thinks they are worthy of production at Monte Carlo we may be sure they are worth hearing. The artists engaged include many newcomers, representing between them most countries in Europe and a few outside.

THE Nice Races, unusually lucky this year in the weather conditions, are drawing to a close, and sporting interest will now be transferred to Cannes, where we are to have racing on twenty days spread over the next two months for a prize list reaching the record total of 2,200,000 francs, and already sportsmen and sportswomen are assembling from all parts and talking of horses.

*Topical*

**SIGNORINA DEVALLERIO, THE ITALIAN LADY CHAMPION**

*Topical*

**M. M. D'ALJOU (left), M. HENRI COCHET, MLLE. CONTOSTAVLOS, AND MME. COCHET**

*Keystone*

**MISS BETTY NUTHALL**

*Keystone*

**SIR STEWART STEWART-CLARK**

*Keystone*

**LORD CHOLMONDELEY**

LORD CHARLES MONTAGU is staying with the Earl and Countess of Derby at the Villa Sansovino, and other recent arrivals in Cannes are Lord Fermoy and Brigadier-General E. L. Spears at the Grand Hotel; Lady Deramore at the Bellevue; Sir Robert and Lady Bird, Sir John Hunter, and Sir William Mitchell-Thomson at the Beau-Site; and Lieut.-Colonel Sir Martin Archer-Shee at the Hôtel du Parc.

THE musical treat of the past week, with all due respect to our Municipal Orchestra, was provided by the famous Fisk Jubilee Singers, who gave a *matinée* at the Sporting Club at Cannes, and the audience was not only the smartest yet seen in that elegant and comfortable theatre, but the most appreciative. The rendering of some of the genuine old negro spirituals was so beautiful that I saw tears in the eyes of one very distinguished lady in the audience who happened to have been reared in Kentucky. There were so many requests for a further recital that I hear the singers from the Fisk University will come back to the Riviera next month after fulfilling several public and private engagements in London.

D. W. T.

**AROUND THE COURTS AT CANNES**

Some of the many "stars" who have been shining at Cannes, where the International Lawn Tennis Tournament has been drawing crowds to the courts

# RUGGER REFLECTIONS

## OUR SIDE

By PENDARVES

"THERE will have to be many changes in the team to meet Ireland." This was the tune of many songs anent England after the England *v.* Wales mudlark at Swansea. But why? Scotland just managed to defeat New South Wales, and Scotland makes one change only in its side for the match against Wales next Saturday. England, although she wins, also by a narrow margin, against Wales, has apparently to have another upheaval, and a lot of players are to be dropped. Again one asks, Why? By this means our side will never be a side of any potency: but always one of experiment: a bad thing. Why not leave it alone?

What is the matter with our side, anyway? Let us review it briefly in virtue of its performance in the St. Helens mud, wind and rain. It at least got two convincing goals and held on grimly to its lead against a good Welsh side that was playing under conditions to which it is well accustomed. This ought to be enough to convince most people that our side this year can do two things: it can defend itself; and it can attack, with venom, the opposition. It seems to me to have proved itself fairly definitely, both on a dry day at Twickenham in a fast, open game, and on a devilish wet day of heavy forward rushes and nothing much else, to be a SIDE at last—good enough to beat Ireland (unless I am much mistaken) and good enough to cause grave anxiety, if nothing worse, to Scotland. What more do we want for the moment?

I would make two changes only. I would drop Sir Thomas Devitt, because he is uncertain in his tackling—he missed Bartlett inexcusably twice in the Welsh match—and is too light; and I would drop one back row forward to let Wakefield in again. They say the forwards want "stiffening." Well, Wakers is *still, par excellence*, the man to present that to the pack, provided his ankle trouble has been cured. This may be, and probably is, definitely the great forward's last season of caps: but he is still a tremendous force to be reckoned with, especially on the big occasion, when his "ringcraft" would be, as it always has been, invaluable. Otherwise I would leave the whole shooting match alone—deuced kind of me!

From that grim battle at Swansea many instructive facts emerge. Primarily, the hitherto somewhat doubtful aspect of Sellar emerges as clear as daylight. England's full back is no longer under any sort of question. Sellar has found himself. His play on that day was magnificent. Many sound judges say he saved England from defeat. Seeing that we won by a narrow margin of 2 points, and that but for his colossal (there is no other adequate word) tackle of Bartlett when he would most certainly have been over, there seems good reason for this important statement. But there is more in it than that. There was a period of about a quarter of an hour in that desperate second half when young Sellar seemed to be playing practically the entire Welsh side in his twenty-five. Rush stopping by hurling his body on to the ball as if it was a sack of potatoes, fielding on the run, decisive tackling of men full out for his line—each of these difficult feats he performed not once, but many times. We have got a full back—at last.

Our threequarters, with one exception, have got thrust and pace and defensive faculties sufficiently highly developed to keep our end up in the three Internationals that are in the offing—and a little to spare. Aarvold was responsible in the Welsh match for the inception of almost every English attack, and when he did not start it he gave it a very useful help on. Taylor combines most effectively with him, and has shown himself to be a very determined sprinter for the line who knows what to do when cornered by the opposing full back. Richardson's place kicking is a most valuable asset in a side which has no other place kicker of note; and he is a sound tackler in addition.

Young and Laird play as well together at half as anybody can play well with Arthur Young when his passes are coming out at all angles and altitudes. Laird's defensive work is very fine, and his football "sense" even finer. If they must drop Young (I hope they won't), then F. M. T. Bunney, of Richmond, is, in my humble opinion, the next best scrum half in the country: though he has nothing like the same brilliant individualism as the man who has been capped fourteen times already.

The brass hats say our forwards were beaten decisively at Swansea in the loose dribbles and in hard scrummaging. Well, they were not beaten in either of these departments in the match against New South Wales—quite the contrary. And since they have shown that on a ground which isn't more or less of a quagmire they *can* put up a good show, I personally should give them another chance.

No doubt in consequence of these few earnest words the Selection Committee will convene an extraordinary general meeting! We shall see.

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TO-DAY'S troublesome thought:—The lady motorist's mind is generally in neutral.

. . .

IT is said that the flapper franchise will make no difference. But will the "better half" vote, or the wrong half?

**GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK!** *Express Photo*

**The Hon. Lionel Tennyson and some of his team photographed at Paddington Station. This was on their departure for Jamaica on a cricket tour**

# Stars from their (Golf) Courses

BY MAC

Our artist's impression of some of those who were present at the Stage Golf Society's Ball. Recently held at the Savoy Hotel, it drew all those Thespians who golf well, indifferently, or even downright badly to forget the sorrows of the bunker in the solace of the foxtrot

*Produced January 17, 1928*

## By "JINGLE"

*Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THE scene of this play is laid on the Nile, and that is a detail significant of much. It was the Serpent of Old Nile that finished up poor old Antony, just as the Serpent of old Eden brought all the trouble to Adam. We are sailing down the historical river in Sir Ronald Blair's dahabieh, and Lady Blair's uncle, Lord Carthorne, presently announces that he has seen a scarlet peacock. Naturally, at first, we are inclined to smile knowingly, confidently expecting that his lordship's next trouble will probably be pink elephants. It so happens, however, that a scarlet peacock is the glittering figurehead of the yacht of a wealthy Egyptian who is sailing in the wake of the dahabieh with amorous designs on the young and lovely Lady Blair.

LORD CARTHORNE affects to be a paragon of simplicity, but his mental faculties are really quite alive. He has seen Lady Blair's native servant, Abdullah, carrying letters from the yacht to the dahabieh, and he becomes curious. Who is this Abdullah chap? On the previous evening there fell from his pocket a copy of the well-known pink paper for playful people, and even very light literature of this sort is not usually appreciated by Egyptians whose English is scanty and halting. Under cross-examination Abdullah breaks down and admits that his foreign accent is really a put-up job. He is (or was) an English gentleman, educated at Balliol, and all that sort of thing; but for the moment it pays him best to pretend to be an Egyptian fellah. After that, we naturally suspect him of being capable of anything that is underhanded and sinful.

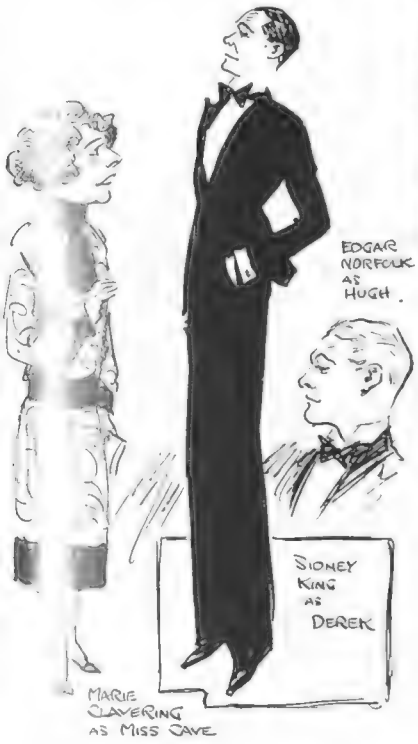
IT then transpires that Lady Blair (Miss Nora Swinburne) is positively encouraging her Egyptian admirer, who, we are led to believe, is so rich that the floors of his palace are paved with gold, while he himself has money to burn. He is not exactly a Sheik, it is true, but he is very presentable in his faultless evening clothes and his old-world courtesy. Sir Ronald (Mr. George Relph) does not even suspect that his wife is contemplating the long-distance jump; but Lord Carthorne is steadily accumulating evidence of the impending catastrophe. Besides, Abdullah has thrown out dark hints that the plot will thicken considerably as the night wears on. At a certain bend in the river, where the shallows are, the boat will run aground, and the wealthy Egyptian gentleman will come on board the dahabieh to offer his assistance, and will at the same time collect Lady Blair. And once aboard the lugger—but, as novelists used to say, I anticipate.

IT is only fair to the lady to explain that she has striven manfully, as you might say, to conquer her love for the coloured gentleman. Her original idea had been to meet him in Cairo and to commence their joint adventure from thence. But as Sir Ronald must return to England almost immediately, he pleads with his wife not to remain behind, and she had, after much persuasion, promised to accompany him home. And now the wily Egyptian's strategy has gone and upset everything. The dahabieh duly runs aground, as per schedule time, and the Egyptian, whose name is Ian Farr, as duly calls to offer assistance to the afflicted and distressed. By a nice diplomatic move, Ian contrives to get all the others away so that he may be left alone with Lady Blair, and though she assures him that she has now decided to remain faithful to her husband, she yields to his appealing Oriental eloquence, and the interview terminates with one of those sprawling, long-drawn-out kisses that move the average flapper to envious tears.

IT is then clear that Sir Ronald must be told about it. After all, when a lady of breeding has decided to leave her husband for another man the least she can do is to give him a polite intimation of her resolve. Therefore, in a few well-chosen words, Lady Blair announces her distinct preference for the gentleman of colour, and Sir Ronald obligingly replies that in that case they must be divorced so that she can marry her extremely sunburnt ideal. Sir Ronald naturally deplores his wife's taste, and he is to some extent broken-hearted at her decision, but if the change will mean her greater happiness, he asks for nothing

more. There are of course misguided husbands who, on hearing that their wives proposed to run away with other men, would hold the street-door open with polite alacrity, and shake hands with themselves for such a stroke of good luck. But Sir Ronald is not that kind of husband.

ON the other hand, a friend who deals in what are known as home-truths tells Sir Ronald that he is not making the right kind of fight for the wife he wants to keep. The friend says he was once rowing in a regatta (hence the title of the play), and was so confident of winning that he did not pull his full weight, with the result that



A TENSE MOMENT *Stage Pho.o Co.*

**Ian Farr (Leslie Perrins) goes a little *too* far! The lady in the case is Lady Blair (Nora Swinburne)**

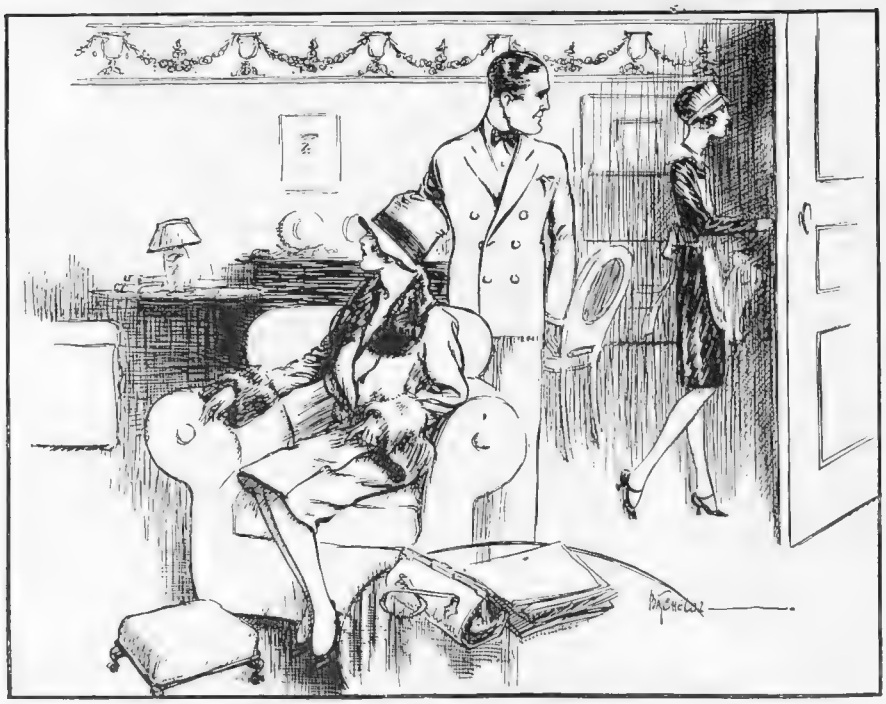
ne other man got the race. The same idea appears to have occurred to the late Mr. Æsop, who thereupon sat down and wrote his now celebrated romance of the Hare and the Tortoise. After all, there are limits to which a husband may proceed to ensure his wife's happiness. You get the idea that if Lady Blair had declared that it would add to her happiness if her husband would just go out and burgle a West End linen-draper's store, Ronny would have been the boy for the job.

BUT if Sir Ronald is content to accept the situation, Lord Carthorne is by no means so complacent. When Lady Blair proposes to leave the dahabieh and proceed to Ian Farr's yacht, he tells her in the fine old-fashioned way of our fathers to go to bed and sleep it off. And then his lordship sits down to a heart-to-heart talk with the amorous Egyptian. The plain truth is that as the head of the family in England he cannot afford to have a niece of his involved in an unsavoury affair of this kind. With all due respect to Egyptian gentlemen, the fact remains that rumour persists in crediting them with more than one wife at a time, and in England that sort of thing is not done — officially. Furthermore, as the English wife of a native Egyptian, Lady Blair would naturally lose her place in Society, and Ian Farr himself would no longer be welcomed by the best people. This news so distresses the Egyptian gentleman that he at once poisons himself, thus disproving at a gulp the Shakespearian dictum that men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love. Ian Farr loved—and lost!

MR. C. M. HALLARD easily dominates the play as the imposing Lord Carthorne; while, as Abdullah from Balliol, Mr. Henry de Bray is most amusing. A nice piece of comic acting is given by Miss Marie Clavering as Miss Cave, one of the guests on board the dahabieh. Miss Cave is an elderly spinster who belongs to the Order of the "Souls," and who simperingly announces that if a strong, predatory man should want her for his own she would give herself blindly and regardless. It is her tragedy that so far no man has been moved to take advantage of her yearning for an opportunity of unconditional surrender.

AS Ian Farr the Egyptian Mr. Leslie Perrins is agreeably oleaginous, and acts so convincingly that we feel quite sorry for him at the finish. Mr. George Relph as the complacent husband does all that is possible in such a trying part, but he remains necessarily little more than a foil for the intruding Egyptian, so that the villain practically becomes the hero of the play. It is true that the Nile is still on the right side of Suez, from which point eastwards the Ten Commandments cease to function; but they appear to have suffered by their propinquity to the fatal spot and to have become rather debilitated in consequence.

JINGLE.



"DOMESTIC" DECORATION By Batchelor

Winifred: "What a gorgeous frieze Mrs. Brown has got in this room, Wilfred"
Wilfred: "Yes, dear. And I like the skirting, too!"

# BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

Thirty-five thousand pounds has been left as a research fund to investigate the cause of the common cold. Sniff said!

. . .

"The question as to the desirability of girls showing their knees is becoming urgent," says a ladies' paper. It is indeed a "knotty" problem.

. . . . .

Complaints are being made concerning the upstairs seating accommodation at theatres. We refrain (or nearly) from quoting the Tennysonian tag about "Tiers, idle tiers," but the authorities should do something to counteract the vicious "circle."

. . . . .

Ordered to the South of France for his health, a correspondent declares that on examining his pockets he can discover no change.

. . . . .

Ten Egyptian fanatics recently threw themselves into the Red Sea. What a chance for the local coroner to enter a verdict of death by Suez side.

"Drive me to my hoose," quoth the man from Peebles, "for half a croon."

"Toss you five bob or nothing," said the taxi-driver—who won.

"Just my luck!" again quoth the Peeblensian. "Now I shall have to walk home!"

"I understand, then," remarked the rent collector, "that Captain X has shot the moon."

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that, sir," replied the landlady; "but the captain is certainly a left tenant."

. . . . .

"Do you think Phyllis has ever been kissed?"

"No; I'm sure she's never sampled any of *that* kind of lip-salve!"

. . . . .

We are informed that persons who suffer from epilepsy should take little exercise. Then how are they going to get in a fit condition?

. . . . .

"Why don't farmers stick to the land?" inquires a correspondent. Does he know how much it costs to get away from it?

. . . . .

Some St. Moritz sportsmen are offering a prize for the best ascent of a certain mountain. We suppose every little Alps.

. . . . .

The authorities state that thousands of pounds have been spent on the Thames Valley. Yet its inhabitants declare that the district has been dried and found wanting.

. . . .

A pseudo postman has been sentenced for stealing postal orders. Certain stage juveniles are indignant at the usurping of the *rôle* of mail impersonators.

. . . .

Important excavations have been made in Chaldea. Well, we all know that we learned about women from Ur.

. . . .

A cornet player, fined for disturbing the local inhabitants, maintained that his was a disciplinary effort. His defence of splitting 'airs' was dismissed.

. . . .

We are indebted to a constant reader who says that repartee is only an insult in dress clothes.

. . . .

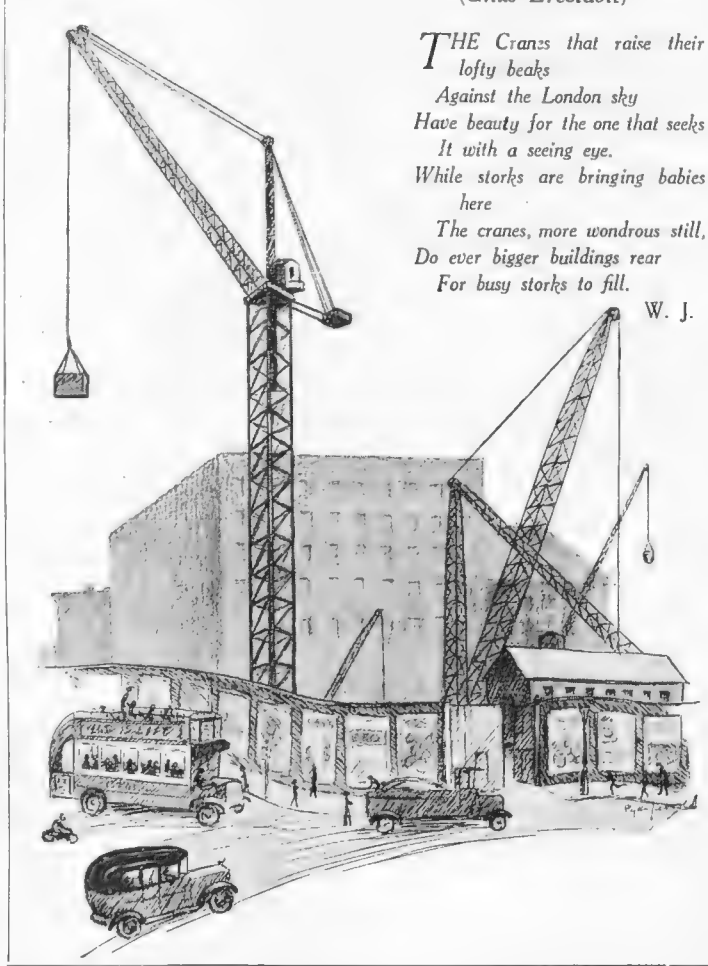
An American journalist informs us that a derelict infant was once deposited on the threshold of G.B.S.'s flat. Was that incident responsible for the famous ballad, "We left the baby on the Shaw"?

## LONDON A ZOO: The Cranes' Enclosure

*(Gnus Erectabit)*

*THE Cranes that raise their lofty beaks*
*Against the London sky*
*Have beauty for the one that seeks*
*It with a seeing eye.*
*While storks are bringing babies here*
*The cranes, more wondrous still,*
*Do ever bigger buildings rear*
*For busy storks to fill.*

W. J.



# "Sleep, My Pretty One, Sleep!"

*BY W. HEATH ROBINSON*

How one of the many inquiring minds who wonder what they look like when they are asleep satisfied his curiosity

# A Revue Star

*Hal Linden*

MISS CELIA GLYN

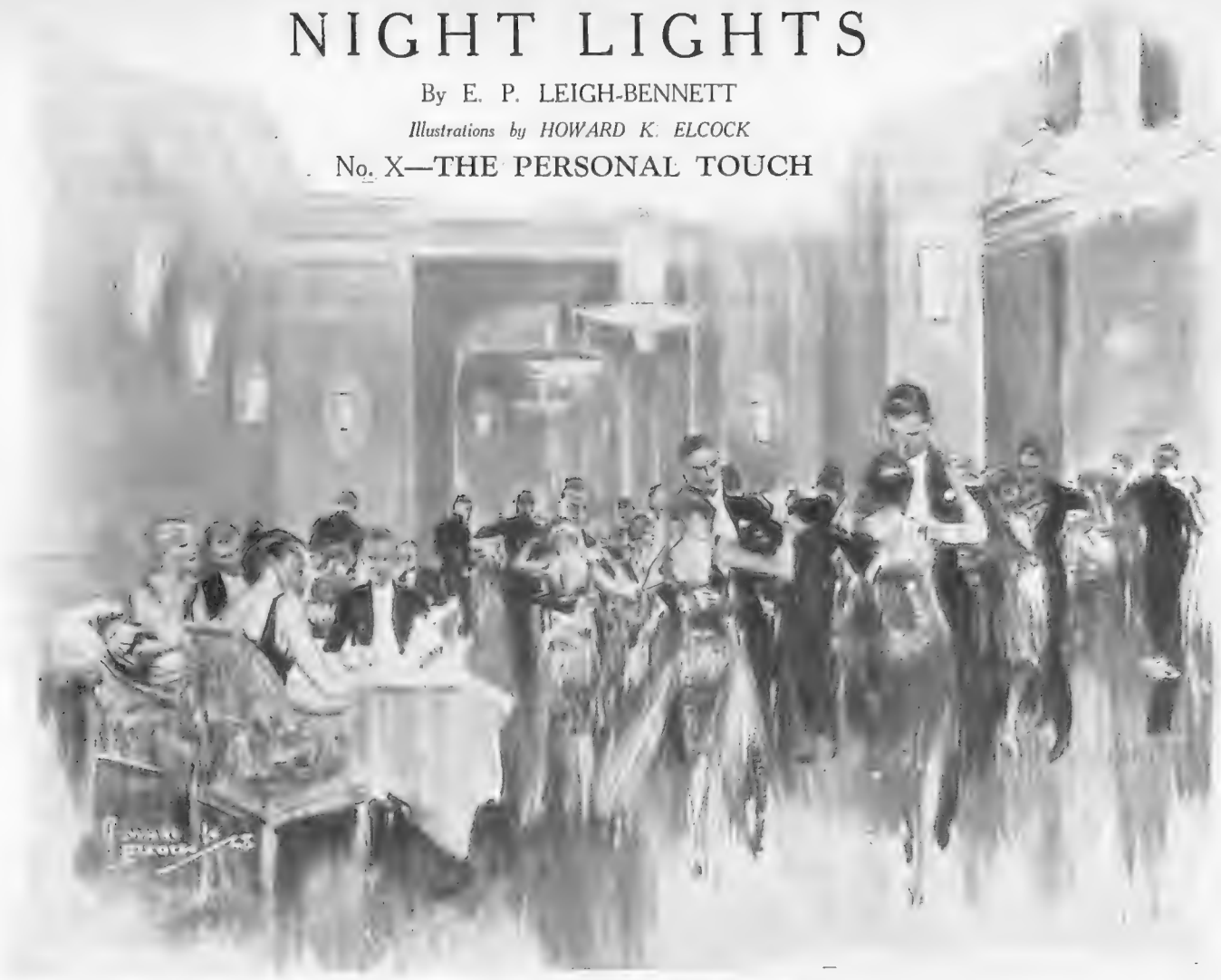
Who is one of the principals in Mr. C. B. Cochran's new revue. It opened at Manchester last Saturday, where it is being tried out for three weeks before coming to the West End to be housed at the London Pavilion

# NIGHT LIGHTS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

*Illustrations by HOWARD K. ELCOCK*

## No. X—THE PERSONAL TOUCH



"Smallness without undue propinquity is the keynote here"

THERE is a man who will preside over your dinner to-night, or your lunch to-day, whose letters arrive from Italy addressed,

Ill : mo Signore Comm. Giovanni
Sovrani,
Vice-console di San Marino,
54-56, Jermyn Street, St. James's,
Londra, S.W.1.

And a great man has been known, I understand, to kiss him on the brow as a brother. If that doesn't impress you, nothing will

But it is not that Sovrani, of Savoy fame, is a Vice-Consul which impresses me—though I admit it does tend to shake one—what reduces me to a state of dumb awe are his onyx lavatory basins. Allow me to explain. When Sovrani, some time ago, ceased giving curt orders to an army of waiters in the Savoy Restaurant and went into retirement, it was not to settle down indolently among the warm vineyards of southern Italy. On the contrary. It was to make unobtrusive but intensive preparations, extending over a long period, for a restaurant of his own which would outshine in brilliance all the other dazzling night lights manipulated by his countrymen resident in London. It is not for me to say that he has accomplished so ambitious a project. Were I to say that I could not subsequently describe any other place with conviction — which would be calamitous!

But, unlike most of his present patrons, I watched "Sovrani's" grow, from the dust of the builder's chaos, months ago, to those awful days, weeks ago, when all restaurant promoters hold on tight to their self-control, and say "I *will* open on Thursday next," though every kind friend is saying encouragingly, "These chaps won't be out for three weeks, old man, mark my words." And having watched his little acorn develop into the brilliant oak tree it is now, I must, in bare justice, stand on his posh threshold, hat in hand—before it is grabbed by a liveried attendant—and say "This is very GOOD."

It is more than that. It is, in its way, perfect. It is a restaurant built by specialists for specialists. Most instructive when you stop to think of it—which few people do—is the fact that these Italians, after years spent in watching solicitously over other people's dreadful gastronomic tastes, should have any artistic sense left.

It amazes me how Ferraro, at the Berkeley round the corner, can retire philosophically to his flat upstairs and continue to paint the pictures he does, after having pacified at least three irate profiteers who tell him they *ought* to have the best table always.

Yet here is an artistic achievement set down plumb in the middle of all the grandiose opposition, a remarkable success from the moment when the owner most thoughtfully gave that little private dinner party to the self-conscious workmen who had done their job so well for him to the two successive nights recently when members of the Royal Family held parties *chez* Sovrani—which sets a seal upon any restaurant.

Smallness without undue propinquity is the keynote here. And the swaying of the senses towards food and *la bonne fine* without your being irksomely aware of either. Even the vivid green of the outer doors draws you avidly from the taxi. Your lady leaves you in a warm glow of orange light, while you adjust the white tie downstairs as you stand resplendent before miraculous yellow onyx basins. I suppose, after the excellent dinner, to which they lend a most lovely colour, Sovrani's lighting arrangements are his *chef d'œuvre*. He and Robert Bagnés designed them (when

a Frenchman and an Italian get together in the decorative line the result is usually rather startling), and they cannot be described convincingly on paper: they are too subtle. They are impish, seductive, chaste. They seem to say, "I shall tell your wife about this." In them and through them you can see the lure of the woman, the cold austerity of the man (*shurrrup*!). They radiate the glow of frosty dawns, country house sunsets, Atlantic liner half-lights—every mood and memory in fact that you like to hold on to reflectively, smiling your own very intimate thoughts.

About the ashes-of-roses carpet moves the *Patron*, aided and abetted in the very personal touches given to the dinner by that experienced manager, John Quaglino, whom everyone knew at the Café de Paris. All who dine or lunch here are known personally and deferentially to both these master-men before the folded bill is pushed absently aside, if not before. They are made to feel that if they don't want to come here again, and very often, not only this ultra-modern restaurant, but the whole of Jermyn Street may as well be pulled down. That way success lies. But, alas, it is only the few who can do it without overdoing it.

Not perhaps on a Sovrani night, but on some other night, when the mellow light of the gay world shines all about you, get someone (mellowed perchance by you) to take you to the Cosmo Club in Wardour Street. Here again you will find the personal touch, laid on by quite other but very friendly hands. . . When I tell you that no sooner had I sat down there the other night than a jewel of a performer announced the title of his complaint to be, "The Wide Open Spaces—by the Borough Billposting Company," and proceeded in that vein: and before he left us, all too soon, he reminded us in the pathos of his recitation that "The Girl's Mother Married Again," you will realise that one does not easily become depressed at "The Cosmo."

A clever directorate stands behind this organisation. You may receive by post one morning, as I do with disturbing frequency, a specimen of the Cosmo Coercion. This takes the form of beckoning brochures, couched in terms so sweedling that they do in effect amount to coercion. The last one I received—and most unwisely showed to a woman—announced, *inter alia*, that for every fair Cosmo diner for a whole month a Parisian Doll, value twelve and six to one guinea, would be given away during the seven and sixpenny dinner. Then the directorate says, "How can we do it? Read the next page, where the wonderful and very-real story is unfolded" (sensation!). And then they tell you: and yet they don't tell you. But while you, the alert business man (h'm) are doing rapid sums in your head, through which the mental words flash, "keen cutting wholesale houses: 33⅓% off, plus 10, plus 15 for spot cash; against cost of two dinners, plus wine, plus a couple of brandies—m'm: y-e-s"; a feminine voice is purring delightedly, "Really these people are *too* sweet: they say 'there's a cute little fellow waiting for you, Madame': Darling, I vote we . . ." Then, irrevocably and indubitably, are you for it.

Well, you might do very much worse: in fact, you could hardly do better if you seek a place wherein you can dress or not, as you like: where you get full value (plus a doll): where the only sort of Bohemia that you can honestly call Bohemia reigns. This word has been subjected to much misuse in recent years. My interpretation of it is gleaned by gazing round this room. What does one see? Full dress and flannels (the latter on the men only of course): a very famous caricaturist on my right; a Bond Street modiste—worth a quarter of a million sterling at least—on my left. Two leading ladies of *Revue*, living tolerantly, if a shade restlessly, with their mothers, being supped by A, an Oxford Blue, and by B, a Harley Street surgeon of renown. Four men over there, two of whom find the American liquor trade highly profitable and deliciously dangerous to enterprising Englishmen with fast motor boats; the other two, brass-hatted members of officialdom off duty and enjoying immensely the tales that are being unfolded.

"One does not easily become depressed"

Bohemia lies not only in being out of the ordinary in the manner of your leisure hours, but in being able to frequent your pet place without being expected to play a part. Anyone who plays a part in Cosmo-land is just ignored. So the pseudo-bohemians do not come: and the standard of Bohemia is maintained.

For the rest—a band that knows its job: a cabaret that is not strident: an atmosphere that is not oppressively rich nor despondently poor: where you can at least hear yourself talk to your woman, when you are not listening for what she may, or may not, say. But these dolls . . . As the Cosmo Coercion says, "Their actual costliness is unmistakable, even to the least commercially-minded; yet when you take your little 'speechless" companion home with you there will be no sordid thought of cost: They will be for ever a source of quaint charm and appeal." Quite. But it is surely rather rough luck that it should be found necessary to clasp them so affectionately in the taxi—to the exclusion of all else . . . ?

E. P. L.-B.

*Specially painted for "The Bystander" by Coller*

## FAMOUS RUGBY PLAYERS—NO. 14—H. C. C. LAIRD

The Harlequins sturdy fly-half, who at last seems to have solved England's problem of finding someone to combine with the eccentricities of Arthur Young. One of Colin Laird's attributes is his fine touch-kicking

"ONE-WAY"

TRAFFIC

BY NORMAN KUNE

Player's

Please

N.C.C.278

# PARISIANA

By "Rene"

*Illustrations by* MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis,

To begin with we imagined we had been placed in a very favoured position when it was realised that we could be treated, as the result of the establishment in Paris of an enterprising company of English Players, to the spectacle of plays by British authors which had been banned by the British censor. It sounds so awfully thrilling to be able to write to one's friends in England, "I have just been to So-and-So's play; you know, the banned one."

And there is no questioning the fact that the banned play is an easy first among box-office successes. Mr. Noel Coward, who is obviously entitled to be quoted as an authority in such matters, stresses the point very aptly when he makes one of his characters say, "I want to see a nice, clean play," and another one reply, "In that case there'll be no difficulty about getting seats." Yet despite all these points of interest we are now beginning to feel that a banned play is really not an adequate attraction in itself, but that it requires much more—in the first place, quality as an entertainment

"Awfully thrilling to be able to write to one's friends"

We have now witnessed two pieces which had come under the ban of the British censor, or perhaps one ought really to say one and a quarter, as in the first case, *Poliphar's Wife*, it was a matter of a different final scene, the original version incurring the censor's refusal. In that instance, virtually everybody agreed that the substitute scene was a pronounced improvement. In the second case, the latest production of the English Theatre, it was an affair of a whole play, Mr. Noel Coward's, *This was a Man*, which was refused in its entirety by the Lord Chamberlain's department.

"She wins easily with smelling salts and tears"

Personally, I would be far from blaming the censor for his decision, although I am a long way from possessing a liking for censorship in any form. Yet I find myself in agreement with most of the people who have seen the play in Paris, in believing that if it had been passed for production in London it would have died from lack of paying support in four or five weeks. On the other hand, and this possibly influenced the censor, the authorisation of such a piece might have been claimed as a precedent by other playwrights.

To my mind the principal criticism to be directed against *This was a Man* is that you just can't believe it. It is so preposterously unbelievable that people would sit around, talking, talking, talking about a wife who was constantly stopping out o' nights, that you forget that what is before you on the stage is supposed to be a play, and confine yourself to a hope that in this torrent of futile conversation they will at least say something bright every now and again. In that respect there is satisfaction as, fairly frequently, they do say something clever and amusing.

"There is still time to shoot yourself'"

But when you are searching for a plot, you discover that it is virtually non-existent. Some time, there may have been staged a piece with a thinner story, but *This was a Man* must be a near rival to a record-breaker in that regard. Sacha Guitry has a reputation in Paris for constructing plays round a plot about the size of a pinhead, but I can advise him to go and see this piece, in the certainty that there are tips in the line still to be picked up.

The husband of the wandering wife, who has been mentioned knows

all about her habits and even admits it to a chum of his schooldays, but he says he can't be bothered to do anything about it because action tires him, "and, besides, it is her temperament"—she grew up awfully "sexy." So the chum says he will cure her. He invites her to dinner at his flat, pretends to humiliate her by an easy conquest, and then there is a bout of squabbling which she wins easily with smelling salts and tears. Following which she settles down for another night out, persuading the booby of a chum that it was he whom she really wanted all the time.

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When the sluggish-brained chum wakens up he goes off to tell the husband, mentioning that though he tried to use the revolver indicated in such circumstances it missed fire—and the husband roars over such complete discomfiture. Then he decides that he is bored with being bored, and informs the pair that they must go out of the country while he arranges the divorce that he couldn't be bothered with before. As the curtain comes down the wife is saying to the *pauvre poisson* of a chum, "There is still time to shoot yourself, Evelyn." A phrase of exquisitely sweet taste, and a perfect ending to such a finished elaboration of purposeless unreality. However, there was some good acting by the English Players.

"Endless gossip in the cafés and columns of comments in the newspapers"

Paris was distinctly impressed by the story of the Thirteen Club of London, which organised a lunch of thirteen covers at the thirteenth hour of the thirteenth day of a month. The story provoked endless gossip in the cafés and columns of comments in the newspapers. Most of the comment showed admiration for the challengers of superstition, though the cynical Clement Vautel argued that they were not really thirteen at the lunch, as they had added two white asses, supposedly very unlucky. Vautel even said two "other" asses. Anyhow, the incident has brought to light a weird story of Harry Fragson, possibly the only successful entertainer who could write and sing songs in French to a delighted Paris music-hall audience as well as he could write and sing songs in English that used to captivate British music-hall audiences. The thing occurred at the beginning of 1914. An artist friend brought him a calendar, each leaf of which was illustrated with a caricature of some person who was at the forefront of popular interest at the time.

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"You also, *mon vieux* Fragson, have your day," said the artist. "It is February 13, a Friday." As Fragson's face clouded the artist remarked, cheerily, "You are not superstitious by any chance, are you?" "No," answered Fragson, "not really, but, all the same, I would have preferred some other date." On Friday, February 13, 1914, Harry Fragson was shot dead with a bullet from a revolver, fired by his demented father. Most people will agree that it was a mere coincidence, but the superstitious ones will not have it.

René.

THE DAWN OF "UNTRUE" LOVE

A dramatic scene from "Sunrise," the new William Fox film at the Marble Arch Pavilion. The Woman from the City (Margaret Livingston) is seen luring The Man (George O'Brien) from everything he holds really dear

# In Our Green Room Gallery

*Pauline Portrait*

## MISS MARY LEIGH

The pretty and charming young actress, who is playing in "Icebound," the new show at His Majesty's Theatre. Miss Leigh first made her appearance on the stage when she was three years old, and since then has gone from success to success

# Sport on Snow and Ice in the

AN EXPERT IN ACTION

**A competitor in the ski-jumping competitions for the Championships of the Bernese Oberland photographed in "full flight." In these competitions, which were held at Wengen, some very fine performances were seen**

*Photographs* AMONG THE MOUNTAINS *Central Press*

**A typical scene on the rink, which is one of the chief rallying points for visitors to Wengen. The sky in this photograph promises a further instalment of snow to add to the joys of the devotees of ski-ing**

# Engadine and Oberland

*Central Press*

MISS IRIS CARPENTER

Obviously enjoying the ski-ing at Wengen. She is the only child of Captain A. F. B. Carpenter, V.C., R.N.

*Sport and General*

ON PARADE

A ski-ing party lines up smartly before setting out at Sils Maria. It includes Lord Gillford, Lady Mary Meade, Mr. Michael D'Oyly Carte, and Miss Denise de Vitrie

THE ROARIN' GAME AT ST. MORITZ

*Sport and General*

A match in progress on the Grand Hotel Curling Rink, at St. Moritz. The devotees of curling, mainly members of the older generation, are numbered among the keenest spirits in every winter sports centre

It are very legalless to import elephants

# GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

AMONG the so voluminous tons of letters which arrive to me by more as every post *per diem,* I discovered the as follows which, I cannot hesitate to doubt, depicts the secret longings of countless 1,000s of my Hon. admirers. Saidly letter are from Hon. gent domiciling in the Lower Tootings who informs that he preambles 6 miles per weekly in the even most clementless weather to the Public Library so he may improve his intelligents by pursuing my contributings in Hon. BYSTANDER. (It are, I may say *en passant,* persons such as this who imbue us great and brilliant *literati* with the courage to strenuously prosecute our so noble and requitless labours to make this globe more better as we found it.) After informing that he regards me to disputelessly be 1 of the, if not the, greatest influents for good which this age has succeeded to produce, Hon. gent continues thusly :

"Since more far back as I can succeed to remember, I have always pined to grow into a big-games hunter or explorings person like as Sir late Marcus Polo, Stanley and other pioneersters. But it are of only extremely late years when, thanks to Hon. Government, we have an Early Closings Day in the Tootings, that I have nurtured hopes re concerning these ambitions. Should it not then be a goodish idea to impublish some informations and hintings for tyroes and suchly travelless persons who wish to spend 2 or 3 hrs in gay Paree as expenselessly as possible? I cannot doubt to believe that suchly informations would fill a frightfully long-felt want in all circles. Trusting to always merit your esteemed patronage, I remain (Sole Agents for Michlop's Lard and Beecham's Noted Rubber Hams) yours to sincerely c o m - mand ——"

This so patent cry from the heart, which are n o n - doubtlessly echoed in countless numbers of lonely bosoms, are impossible to ignore. I shall therefore depict a briefish guide to Paris which are not only very authentic, but suitable to persons possessing only a modest few 1/-s who wish to make visit the gay city at almost not any expenses. It should, I venture to make bold, cause an enormous *furor* in all ¼s. I trust to therefore hope you will impardon this smallish breach in my so epochal *memoirs* for a few words on Paris for tyroes. (Illustrations by Okun Ingamai because not anybody can succeed to stop him.)

Cautions. Non-sophisticates and other persons making to visit Paris, if for only not more as ½ an hr, should remember it are a frightfully penal offence to conceal on or about their person or persons any of the as follows luxuries when returning to Grt. Britain :

Moting-cars, gun-powder, cannons, beer, dynamoes, trombones, cocaine, hash-hish, pianos.

It are also very legalless to import on 1's person without special permissions the as follows, or any parts thereof :

Elephants, B and S's, all species of *Cryptodibranchiata* and *Ostres edulis* unless there is an *r* in the month.

PARIS. Having at last arrived to this so gay and piousless city, our non-sophisticate will pant to immediately witness some of its most luscious and wicked spots. If non-possessing more as a third-return to Tooting, he could do more worse as visit the

Gare de Lyon. It are from this so famous edifice that persons who can non-afford tne Blue Train from Calais, make their humble departures for the Côte d'Azur. It are also from this *gare* that Editor of Hon. BYSTANDER departs to make prepare the Riviera Number. (Ha, ha, this has let the mouse out of the bag because you have imagined to suppose he was despatched by only the Blue Train and not a mereish Middle-class 10 or *Hoi polloi* train! This shall teach him to push me out of Hon. Riviera Number, I warrant to bet!) Saidly Editor, wearing +4's (gent's ready-to-wear), a pull-over of innumerous colours, tweeds cap to match, lavender spats and a 1/11¾ cigar, also golfing-sticks, skies, skates, tennis-bat, elephant-rifle, sleeping-bag, pocket-halma, hot-water bottle, a *shikari* and an Anglo-French vocabular of polite conversations, are heralded to his specially reserved compartments by negroid menials while

The Editor of the Hon. Bystander departs for the Côte d'Azur

# Unlucky in the Draw

BY STARR WOOD

"Do yer mean to siy it cost yer thirty-two and sixpence just to 'ave yer tooth aht?"
"I do, my dear. Two and six for the tooth and thirty bob for assaultin' the dentist"

a band blows suitable marine airs and the youngest *fille* of the guard purveys him a bouquet garnished with blue ribbons. At the conclusion of this so pretty and old-world spectacular, the train steams itself out of the station *avec* enormous applause. It are well worth a trip to Paris to only see this so historic ceremony.

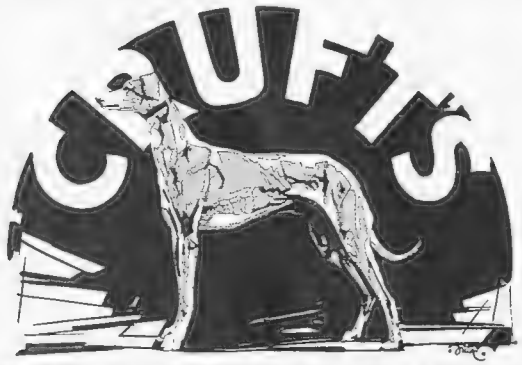
Gare du Nord. This are also a very interesting edifice and a happy day may be expenselessly and lucratively spent in admiring its so striking beauties. As this are 1 of the spots where visitors arrive and depart from, many are more as content to remain here till the train returns. If the tyro has made purchase some buns and an orange, he can by spending the day here save quite a lot of cashes and avoid falling into wicked temptations. It are here, too, that Editor of Hon. BYSTANDER breaks his flight to Grt. Britain from the Riviera *sans* golfing-sticks, skies, skates, tennis-bat, elephant-rifle, sleeping-bag, pocket-halma, hot-water bottle, *shikari* and polite conversations. He are accompanied by only a paper parcel, a bun and a free-gratis return ticket purveyed by Hon. Casino authorities as a partings-gift.

"Avoid falling into wicked temptations"

Tour Eiffel. (French for Eiffel Tower.) Artistic persons should not on any account miss to see this so improving and majestic spectacular which are even more beautiful and *recherché* as Hon. Crystal Palace. A very expenseless and amusing entertainings are sometimes to be witnessed here, as it are very noted for its *hara-kiris*, when disgruntled persons climb to the top and then propel themselves to the earth to join their Hon. ancestors. This are a non-legal sporting, but a smallish *pourboire* to Hon. attendants should enable the humblest Hon. Bystander to adequately perform his *adieus* in this so diverting and sportish fashion.

(I have been strenuously approached to establish a Yogo Hama Bureau of Travel Informations for Tyroes. I are now considering this matter is all its branches and more as a great deal will depend on my encouragements, if any. A nod is so good as a wink *n'est-ce pas?*)

Yogo Hama




# THE BIGGEST SHOW

## DOGS ON THEIR TRAVELS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THERE are others to be sure, even on that day, but Wednesday next brings the opening of the biggest Dog Show in the world: Cruft's at the Royal Agricultural Hall, which every successive year since the War has beaten its own previous record. Some idea of the number of Dogs to be benched, the variety of the exhibition, and the really tremendous bulk of interest and expert organisation behind it, may be gathered from the startling fact that its schedule provides for no fewer than 1,308 separate classes. There must still be fanciers in the North who can remember the first Dog Show held in England; considered a success because it attracted over sixty entries! Now we have over 1,300 *classes*. These, by the way, will include for the first time in history classes for track-racing Greyhounds; so Cruft's is nothing if not up to date. Doggy folk who want to get all the benefit they can out of it, to meet as many of the experts as possible, and really to study the finest representatives of some eighty distinct canine breeds, will make up their minds beforehand not merely to turn up in good time on Wednesday, but to book the Show as a two-day engagement, and attend on Thursday as well.

Sundry very necessary recent prosecutions have drawn attention to the barbarity of a few people—dealers of the unscrupulous kind—in sending Dogs, including young pups, on long railway journeys in totally unsuitable boxes. (An eleven inch box for a fifteen inch pup was one of these crimes.) Two obvious preventives occur:—(1) Definite refusal of any transaction with a dealer who has offended in this way. (2) Introduction by the railway companies of regulations, to be enforced strictly, prohibiting dispatch of a Dog in anything but adequate, regulation, approved travelling boxes. The announcement that in future boxed Dogs will be charged for like parcels, by weight, clearly worsens the situation, and will tempt the unscrupulous to use boxes too small and light. Well, any buyer who pays for a Dog boxed for travel in cruel fashion will thereby make himself an accomplice in an offence against common decency, to say nought of sportsmanship. In every such case duty demands, not payment for the Dog, but prosecution of the sender.

Supporters of the Distemper Research Fund will be deeply interested by Mr. D. Buchanan's account in the "Veterinary Record" of his use of oxygen gas for the cure of distemper, whereby he has reduced temperatures from 105° to normal, and brought sufferers to the stage of taking food voluntarily, *in twenty-four hours*. No wonder he has been "profoundly impressed" by the result of his experiments, the record of which should be studied by all Dog-owners. This is the kind of research we want; for the completion of which Dog-lovers should be glad to send along their needed contributions to the Fund.

Despite registration of pedigree Dogs at the rate of sixty thousand per annum, misapprehension regarding this simple process is extraordinarily rife. "I am anxious to have some puppies from my pedigree Cocker, but as she is now more than a year old I suppose it is too late to register her, and that will mean the bar sinister for all her offspring, will it not?" Still such quaint questions arrive from readers of these Notes. All pedigree Dogs without exception may be and should be registered at the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly. The pedigree is necessary, but age has nothing to do with it. There are no formalities or obligations involved, save the payment of a modest half-crown fee, and the filling in of a form to be obtained gratis from the K.C. The reasonable thing is, not to wait for exhibiting or breeding, or anything else, but to register your pedigree Dog directly you acquire him, where this has not already been done. Buy always direct from a real breeder; visit his kennels if possible; never buy without obtaining full pedigree form, and written dietary sheet showing exactly how the Dog is being fed.

While recognising that "imitation may be a form of flattery," the *Kennel Gazette*, on behalf of the Kennel Club, strongly deprecates as unsporting the practice of choosing doggy names too closely resembling those already selected and made famous: a misleading and unworthy trick.

# DAME FASHION'S DECREES FOR THE CÔTE D'AZUR

BY OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENT

THE simplest models are always the smartest, and for the Riviera one ought to remember this particularly. The elegance is achieved by the choice of an appropriate fabric and by an attractive colour, which will be in accordance with the environment. Pale pastel shades and very light beige with a touch of yellow are much favoured this season, while navy and white are the classical colours for this kind of models. Two new colours presented for this summer are turquoise-blue and yellow, and both have good chances of success. Light fancy or plain woollen fabrics are used to make coats, sports frocks, and street *ensembles*, while *crêpe de Chine*, *crêpe* marocain and *crêpe* georgette are better indicated for dressier frocks.

Straight, slim coats have again come into fashion, but they are not quite as narrow as they used to be. The two models on this page are very typical of the new mode, and they show that a coat can either be collarless or have a large fur collar.

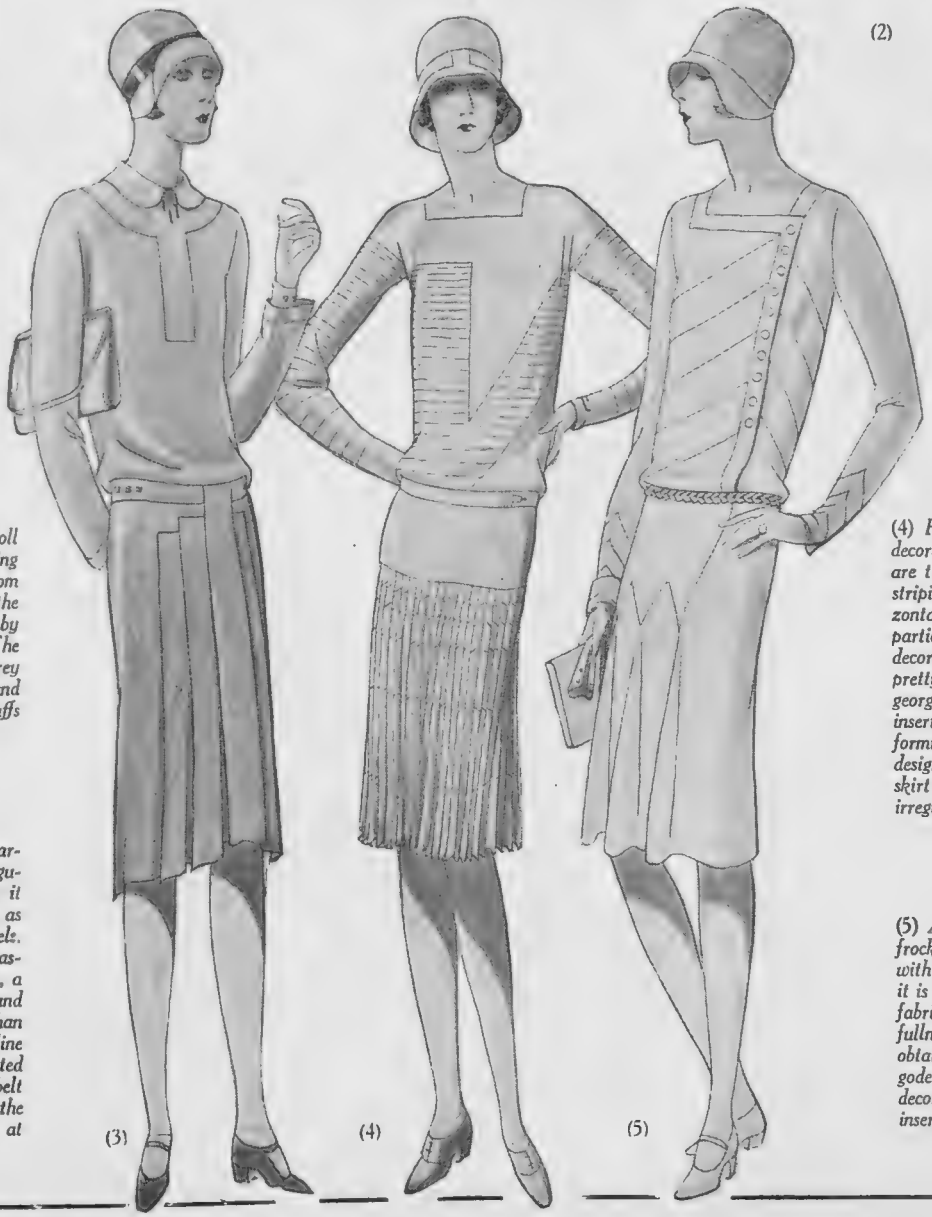
The fashion of the two-piece frocks continues, and a jacket made in the same fabric as the skirt is often worn with it. For the morning the pull-over is generally in plain or fancy jersey, and for the afternoon the skirt and sweater are both in the same material.

Slanting insertions, tiny tucks, irregularity of line, and the many ways of disposing fullness, are the characteristics of the new models.

(1)

(1) *This straight collarless coat from L. Lelong is in pale blue rep worked with straight découpes rising high in front and descending almost to the hem at the back. Note the kimono sleeves widened at the bottom and fitted into narrow wristbands*

(2)



(3) (4) (5)

(2) *This coat from Drecoll has an interesting slanting insertion descending from the shoulder down to the fastening and continued by the line of the pocket. The coat is carried out in grey woollen and has a round collar and straight cuffs in mole*

(3) *Suzanne Talbot particularly favours the irregular hem-line, and we see it in her evening as well as afternoon and day models. This frock of navy canvas-woollen has, for instance, a skirt pleated in front, and much shorter in front than at the back. The waistline is rather high and indicated by a matching leather belt with large metal studs ; the same trimming is seen at the cuffs*

(4) *Favourite amongst the decorations of this season are tiny tucks or "pinces" striping the material horizontally, and L. Lelong particularly favours this decoration. In this very pretty model of white crêpe georgette the tucks are inserted in large points forming a modernistic design. The finely pleated skirt is trimmed with irregularly disposed lines of stitching*

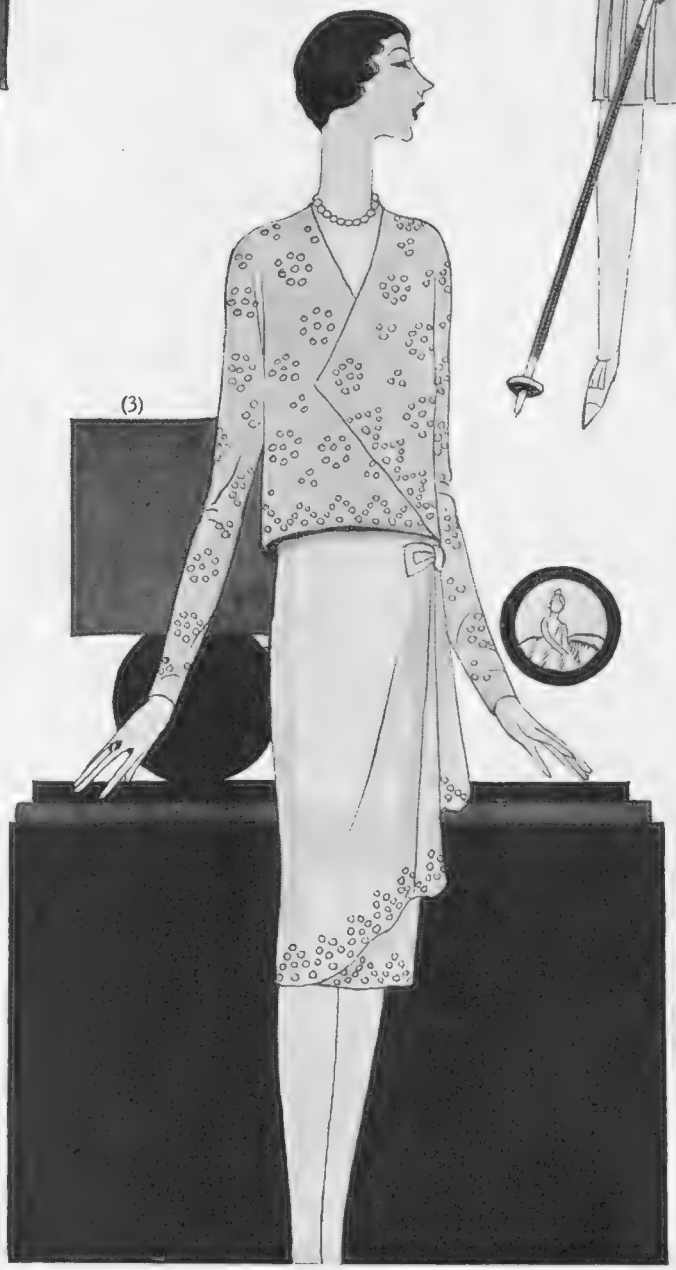
(5) *A simple and becoming frock from Drecoll worn with the coat shown above : it is carried out in the same fabric. The skirt has fullness on one side only, obtained by three inserted godets, and the bodice has decorations of slanting insertions and a side fastening*

# WHAT PARIS BIDS US WEAR

Some of the latest fashions for morning and afternoon as designed by the leading houses in Paris The pleated skirt is more popular than ever this Season

(1)

(2)



(3)

(1) *The ensemble composed of a frock and short jacket remains the favourite in almost all Parisian houses. Its aspect varies because of the fabric used for it, and it is not necessarily a sports outfit. This smart model from Jenny, for instance, is an elegant ensemble for the afternoon, carried out in black and pink crêpe georgette, the latter used for the bodice of the frock only. Note the interesting arrangement of the pleats on the skirt and the trimmings of gold taffeta collar and cuffs. A particularly interesting item is the short straight jacket studded with big gold "clous," which is one of the novelties introduced at Jenny's*

(2) *A very charming model is this simple and elegant ensemble from Suzanne Talbot entirely made of very fine Angora. The skirt is box-pleated the pleats rising on to the bodice and inserted in scallops. A striped effect is given to the jacket by means of straight insertions, which give the impression of pleats being sewn flat. The jacket and skirt are beige and the blouse turquoise-blue, which is one of the newest shades. The three-quarter length sleeves are an interesting feature*

(3) *A very smart afternoon frock from Jenny, illustrating again the new decorations obtained with big studs : in this case they are in metal on grey crêpe de Chine. The bolero bodice is in a darker shade than the skirt, which is draped at the side*

# THIS BANNING BUSINESS

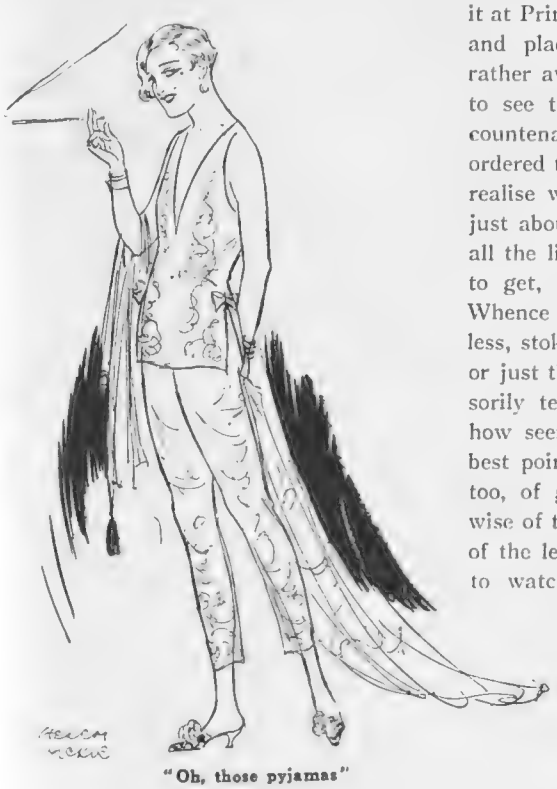
*By Blanchette*

*Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *Jan.* 30.

DEAR COUSIN—

SEEMS to be a simply terrific lot of this banning business around just now, does not there, in this more or less free and independent country of



"Oh, those pyjamas"

ours? I mean, there's Dora, of course, to begin with, still busily functioning, spite of its being nine years ago and more since Armistice time, with sad results such as we all know. And, especially, needless to say, in the way of drinks or potions, which somehow are among *the* most wearing of all.

QUITE bad enough, of course, to have to be always thinking of getting your cigarettes in good time—though they *do* have those nice little automatic machines here and there that don't mind breaking the law, so to speak. Also, there are some that are seriously worried about not being able to buy tripe or chocolates after nine or so—though about chocs. must say don't feel too terribly excited, being really a daytime joy, and would like, 's matter of fact, to see 'em cut right off the map at theatres, anyway, tumult of champing and crinkling being well-nigh more than one can bear in the stalls, sometimes, what?

BUT even if just a glass or two of bubbly's quite enough to keep *us* going for a whole evening, *plus*, perhaps, a cocktail thrown in, after all, there are others. And especially male ones. And when you're theatring and dancing, *par exemple*, and making a perfectly good though virtuous night of it at Princes or the Savoy or the Florida, and places where they sup-and-dance, rather awful, not to say heart-breaking, to see the gloom that comes over the countenances of men when having ordered the oysters, etcet., they suddenly realise with a norrid shock they've got just about half an hour or so to absorb all the liquid nourishment they're going to get, on *that* little outing, anyway. Whence either hurried, not to say reckless, stoking, as of cars taking in petrol, or just the proud despair of the compulsorily teetotal—neither of which somehow seems quite to bring out all their best points, does it? And what waste, too, of good and costly vintages, likewise of the calm, contemplative pleasure of the leisured sip, with glass held high to watch

> The beaded bubbles winking at the brim . . .

The while glances perchance, too, may meet lingeringly, meltingly, across the table and over the top of aforesaid brims . . .

But hush, this is a serious letter and not a mere best-seller by Ruby Frankau or Gilbert Ayres.

SOMETIMES wonder, I do, you know, why men don't carry flasks here in England now just like they do in America—because, after all, they're just

"Those nice little automatic machines"

as badly off as the Americanos, if not worse. I mean, do know just where you are there, don't you? No drinks at any hours, says U.S. law. All right, say U.S. he-men, smiling into (somewhat extra broad-shouldered) sleeves, and proceed to have 'em at all hours, having bought up both drinks and local police.

BUT you know this Banning Habit—oh! and by the way, before I forget, hear the golfers especially are simply terribly furious and hotly agitating about the way they're being done down by Dora, so to speak. Can't always count on finishing up, they say, just exactly in one of those occasional intervals when a kind Government officially allows 'em to have a spot or two. And if not—well, what's become of that last, but not least important, item of the golfer's daily round or common task

"A dollop of friendly discipline"

. . . the Nineteenth Hole? This Banning Habit, though, seems to be spreading all over the place, methinks. Always banning plays, of course, they are, and a Guitry one among the latest, though there's a bedroom scene in it, which for years and years has been the first essential of every most respectable British farce—oh, those pyjamas, so archly and indefatigably revealed!

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And now the B.B.C. have started in—of course, being a Government Department these days I suppose they had to. All "controversial" stuff banned, they say, including Captain Reginald Berkeley's play, "Machines," that I've just been reading. And, well, of all the innocent efforts. . . . A Labour leader who makes the most ghastly mess of things, and finally does a girl in and gets hanged. If Mr. Ramsay Mac. had been P.M. now, perhaps . . . But oh! it really is a bit surprising!

Carry flasks like they do in America

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What a lot of rather odd and sometimes a bit violent people there do seem to be in the world, don't there? And especially in this aforesaid Banning Business. Here's Mr. Robert Loraine, for yet another example, who's quite a good actor and so on, but said the other day he wouldn't have one or two of the critics in the theatre because he thought they might write things about his shows that weren't altogether and entirely favourable, and so might hurt his box-office receipts. Rather nice and frank, of course, but just a shade cynical, perhaps, when you come to think of it, what?

Simply terrific lot of new plays on the *tapis* just now by the way, or boards, or whatever they call it. Half a dozen, at least, last week, including the one Mr. Noel Coward's acting in (having rather missed the 'bus as a playwriter, apparently, for the moment) called *The Second Man*—and heaps more to come quite soon. In the spring or, anyway, Feb., the young man's (and woman's) fancy *does* seem to turn to thoughts of all sorts of nice new things, does not it? of all sorts . . . wherefore, methinks, more especially, down with banning and compulsory efforts of various kinds that the Strong-minded Officials and other boot-faced glooms seem to be so anxious to press, nay, even force upon us. Even vegetarianism, which I'm truly glad to see a Judge hath solemnly decided can't be compulsorily imposed on a wife—said wife having promptly tried to commit suicide, and I don't blame her either, poor thing!

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Apropos of compulsion *and* golf, rather glad to hear they've got a new rule in the U.S. Navy that no one's to be admitted, even as a mere snotty, who can't play a bit of golf, and produce, at any rate, the beginnings of a handicap, so to speak. Which, meseems, is surely the right spirit, and don't mind a spot of the compulsory touch if in such very suitable direction, anyway. Hardly needed, of course, over here, but am sure the midshipmen of our cousinly Nation will be none the worse for a dollop of friendly discipline like that.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

# BYSTANDER BRIDGE

## BRIDGE WITHOUT A DUMMY

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Where would the average Bridge player be without Dummy?

The answer is "In the Soup."

If you doubt my word for it just try playing Auction Bridge without a Dummy—Bridge whist, as it is called. It is a magnificent game, only it is much more difficult than Bridge.

Even good Bridge players come to grief at it unless they have had a thorough grounding in Whist.

I do not think it is played or ever likely to be played at Clubs, but occasionally I play it privately and enjoy it immensely, and I recommend all readers who want to improve their game to give it a trial. The bidding and scoring and general procedure are exactly the same as at Auction, but no cards are exposed.

. . . . . .

It is astounding how much difference this elimination of Dummy makes both in bidding and in play. It is not until you play Bridge Whist that you realise what a big element in Auction the exposed hand is, how it helps out frequently bad or indifferent bidding, and how it assists the play of the Declarer by enabling him to make a plan of campaign as soon as the first card is led.

The light No Trumper maker, to whom the exposure of Dummy is often worth a couple of tricks, has not a chance when he has to fumble in the dark for his partner's suit. The attacker loses the greater part of the advantage he undoubtedly possesses at Auction. The weak caller gets into trouble.

On the other hand, the game encourages sound bidding, It becomes of supreme importance to indicate to your partner what you hold. The supporting bid, the assist, the pre-emptive raise and the switch all assume a new value.

If, for example, you make an initial bid of "One Spade" on five to the Ace, King, and all the other players pass, you are left in doubt as to whether your partner has anything in his hand likely to be of assistance. But if he bids, as he should if he can, two or three Spades whether there be an intervening bid or not, you have something to guide you in your play.

. . . . . .

Roughly, you need to be at least one trick stronger in making a free bid at Bridge Whist than at Auction, and, as a rule, there are more suit declarations than No Trumpers. In play you will find that you often miss a trick or tricks which you would have made if you had seen the Dummy. The well-known rule "lead through strength and up to weakness" fails when you cannot locate strength and weakness. Defenders are put on a more equal footing with the Declarer, and the necessity for strict and accurate play becomes accentuated.

Old Whist players soon tumble to it, but to Bridge players who have never known Whist it is like learning a new game.

I recommend it particularly to those who are prone to over-call their hands, because a brief experiment will exhibit their faults in the most glaring light.

*Mr. Gold and Mr. Flake—"Men with WILLS of their Own."*

# "Why does a Barrister wear a Wig, Mr. Gold?"

"It's a relic of the 18th century, Mr. Flake—just like the black gown, you know. A famous wit said that the law went into mourning at the death of Queen Anne and never came out."

"They're very imposing, Mr. Gold. I don't wonder the barristers are proud of them."

"They'd be prouder still, Mr. Flake, if the Judges allowed them to have WILLS of their own—in Court."

## *WILLS'* "GOLD FLAKE"

The All-Virginia Cigarette

B.G. 292

# VARSITY NOTES

## CAMBRIDGE

THE beginning of the Lent term has always seemed to me the most savage part of the University year. Cambridge now is a dead, soulless place, where very little occurs. Varsity Rugger has lost most of its savour. The first rounds of the cuppers are mostly one-sided affrays. The crew is still nebulous and immature, and its doings have not yet become a newspaper stunt. Fenner's is full of perspiring athletes still trying to get fit. Only the Hockey XI have anything to get worked up about at this time of term.

Later on it will be different. The last rounds of the cuppers are fought out with a fanatical zeal. There are the University Sports to come, and exciting bulletins about the crew. And by the end of the term Spring is in the air. Men will sing on K.P., and bedders tread an early morning measure in the backs. Hearty-faced men will sniff the air, raise their hats to the sun, and prance with fresh vigour to a niner. And even the celebrated anti-feminist lecturer will deal not unkindly with the meek Girtonian.

But meanwhile we are still in the dank atmosphere of the beginning of a Lent term, and Cambridge is a dead, soulless place.

I have been, if I may say so, not a little gratified by evidence of the influence of these Notes among Cabinet Ministers and other distinguished political leaders. I remarked one day last term on the increased interest which political organisers now take in the Cambridge undergraduate—a statement, you will agree, of no great moment and of not unimpeachable veracity. And yet these few words have spread like wildfire through the lobbies of the House of Commons. Distinguished party leaders have been tumbling over each other in their eagerness to apply for our affections and not let us go off with another party; and this term nearly all the Really Important People have decided to come down to propose to us in person. The Liberal Club has secured Mr. Lloyd George for a dinner, the Conservative Association Lord Birkenhead, and, besides lesser fry of all parties, there are strong rumours of "Jix" and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in a monster debate at the Union.

Thus the influence of THE BYSTANDER as a political force has been vindicated, and even politicians have now joined in the widespread delusion that Cambridge is a really important place.

Talking of politics, an incident which will bear repeating occurred recently at a conference of University political clubs up North. One of the Oxford delegates, in a fit of enthusiasm, made a speech. This the succeeding Cambridge delegate described as "very promising," with other similar disparaging remarks, all in the very best Oxford-Cambridge manner. Imagine the surprise of the Oxford and Cambridge delegates when they discovered that this incident had been taken dead seriously by the rest of the conference! At the concluding meeting a Manchester delegate got up on his feet and, in his most earnest attitude, bewailed such an unfortunate incident. One can understand Oxford and Cambridge being sometimes disliked when they are so little understood.

RAB.

BY JOCK

**H. L. ELVIN**

**A Trinity Hall man and Athletic Blue, he is the new President of the Union**

"GLAXO" BY MAC

**Mr. J. S. C. Maughan, the hefty Honorary Secretary of the Cambridge University Golfing Society. He achieved a notable triumph in beating Sir E. Holderness in the competition for the President's Putter**

### *A Soccer Victory*

Cambridge University gained a big and easy victory over a Casuals XI, beating their visitors by the comfortable margin of 8 goals to 2. The Casuals put a fairly strong side in the field, but it was obvious that they lacked the good combination of their opponents, who played eight of the team that met Oxford at Stamford Bridge. Unfortunately, the Casuals goalkeeper, C. T. Bennett, had to retire at half-time owing to a leg injury, but a substitute was allowed to play. The University have in B. H. Valentine, a Fresher from Repton, a really fine centre-forward.

# OXFORD

I was right, you see. Wednesday has come round again and found the term still not under way. In Oxford we believe in a slow and dignified beginning, all of which is very hard on the correspondent. If an ambassador is one who is sent to lie abroad for his country, a correspondent is one who performs a similar office for his paper. But when there is nothing much to lie about, the art of lying cannot come into its own. And we all know that an artist who is prevented from practising his art is the most miserable dog alive. So once more I am going to be miserable. And after three exhibitions of it in these columns during the term I ought to be something of an expert in misery.

"ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS"

**The Keble Eight crossing to their boathouse before a spell of work. Practice for the "Torps" is now in full swing**

By Mac

**GOING ALL OUT**

**Study of a gentleman staying not upon the order of his going. In fact, Mr. E. R. Smoutha goes to such good effect that he is Cambridge's most improved 100 Yards candidate**

By Mac

**ANOTHER CASE OF SPEEDING**

**Mr. N. R. Dobree, who proves to be anything but slow when on the cinder track. He is Oxford's fastest sprinter**

At the minute of writing I have just come from the first lecture of the term, and I am glad to report that it was well attended. So Oxford is at last beginning to taste of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Seeing that the earliest pursuit of knowledge was so summarily punished and so explicitly described as a fall from grace it is curious that as a pursuit it has not consequently been popular. If the pursuit of knowledge in Oxford were now regarded as a sin; if we were only lured to it against our higher nature by a serpent personified, as in "Back to Methuselah," by Edith Evans; if the doors of our libraries and lecture rooms were guarded by proctors with flaming umbrellas—why! how perversely learned we should all become. Would not our mornings be devoted to the glorious adventure of the classics and our afternoons to the surreptitious joys of mathematics? Would not Rugger-night rags be transformed into burglaries of the London Library? And would not even H. G. Wells accept an honorary degree?

At this point I wish to say that the answer to all the above questions is "Yes." So there will be no need to wait until our next issue for a solution of the problem. But it will be necessary to wait until then for what Arnold Bennett's plain man would consider to be any sensible news. At present I can only tell you that the Eight is undismayed by the rough weather and is still making trial journeys to Iffley. The river, encouraged to misbehave by the continued absence of Bill Llewellyn, the stroke, has risen several inches. Port Meadow is still a sheet of water that would look quite at home in a Dutch landscape. The Parks, however, are at home in their own dry capacity. So much so that we have been able to play hockey in them, and to beat Dublin University on January 24. JINGO.

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### *"The Isis"*

Journals dealing with University life are always interesting, and frequently attain exceptional literary merit. "The Isis, with which is Incorporated the Varsity: A Social View of Oxford Life," to give it its full title, is, with "The Granta," its Cambridge contemporary, one of the best known of University publications, and keeps to a high standard of excellence. The series of Isis Idols is one of the most attractive features.

MISS VIRGINIA D'ATH *Joe Davis*

**The popular star who is shortly appearing in "Playtime at the Piccadilly." This is the attractive show that nightly brightens London at the Piccadilly Hotel**

# Femina

## THE "ETERNAL FEMININE"

By "CANDIDA"

To the *cognoscenti* there are no mysteries of fashion. While the ordinary person discusses possibilities, wonders about surprises, hoping for the best, fearing the worst, they never speculate—they know. Experience has taught them to some purpose. They are always admirably poised and balanced; they are armed for every emergency. Never, like the rest of us, do they lose their heads over some delicious "bargains" that have yesterday written all over them. Theirs is the art of true economy; economy in emotions as well as in cash. On the she-who-shops-and-runs-away principle they are never tempted to buy foolishly to-day, and therefore have all the more to spend wisely (perhaps) to-morrow. Also not to have to be sorry one day is to keep one's emotions to be joyful with the next.

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Superiority like this isn't as difficult to come by as it looks. A little common sense, a really good memory, and some luck at the guessing game are all that's needed for the purpose. Imagination doesn't come into it, and originality isn't encouraged. You reason strictly from precedent. What's happened before will happen again while human nature is human nature. In short, it's always the same old story, and no future has any mystery for people who can remember the past.

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To be really interested in life is, of course, not to remember it. It's to go on looking for ever and ever for the thrilling things that might happen any day, even if they never do. It's to feel confident that the best is still to come, though you've every reason for knowing that there isn't, never was, nor ever will be, any good, least of all any best in your life. And it's emphatically not to be a fashion designer whose mission in life it is to serve up the same old stuff in a frightfully new manner at appointed intervals. Not that there's anything new about it. All he does is to swing from one extreme to the other, knowing exactly how far it's safe to go and when it's best to turn back. The successful one feels the proper moment in his bones by some process of intuition, or inspiration, or whatever it may be. He's the man who makes the money. The rest of us merely lose it.

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That's why it's unprofitable to speculate about the cut of our Spring dresses. The designer people are very mysterious about them. So would you and I be if we belonged to the tribe. It's always nice to give oneself airs of omnipotence, and it takes in quite a lot of people. Frocks, the designers say, set the fashion in temperaments. Look at what happened to the world when somebody invented the suit *"la garçonne,"* and everybody wore it with manners to match. But I wonder whether the suit really preceded the manners? Nobody knows. Not Monsieur Paul Poiret, who's feeling rather despondent about the last word in women and the clothes they expect of him; nor the people who write to the papers and object to everything; nor I, who can only amuse myself by surmising. Clothes and temperaments hang together, that's sure enough; but do the clothes account for the temperaments, or is it the other way round?

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Undoubtedly it's the other way round. Character, the female sort, changes not even imperceptibly, but by leaps and bounds. To rely on the "eternal feminine," just because someone labelled it that way, is a mug's game. Somewhere, deep down, there may be something eternal about the sex, but the surface, thank goodness, changes with every wind that blows. It would be a terribly dull world if it didn't. Think of it! Nothing to write about except stark facts such as men love; nothing to object to, to make fun of, to feel superior to! That part of the feminine which isn't eternal swings always from one extreme to another, from sweet simplicity to vamps, from the clinging female to the virile carver of careers. And the clothes follow suit. Pyjamas for tea and endless cigarettes, mannish things and breeches for all occasions, forcible language in polite society, of such was the world a year ago. A year ago, without looking at the picture papers, I knew exactly what I would find in them, and would go on finding in them, while the wind of fashion blew from that quarter.

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Why it's veered to another I can't explain, but it has. The girls-will-be-boys attitude to life has had its day. Long hair is discussed at the best hairdressers, though it's one thing to talk long hair and another, alas! to grow it gracefully. Hats take unto themselves perfectly useless and adorably becoming little veils, and I needn't look at the picture papers to know what will be our fate next Spring. It's obvious to anyone who keeps an open mind, which I don't always, because, as someone has said, it's dull as well as draughty.

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The womanly woman is emerging triumphantly from the obscurity into which she had been thrust for years. First she was preached, then acted, and now she will be worn. Frills are "it," likewise curves. Actually curves. The last words in mannequins have got them, have managed to acquire them. Nothing Rubensish or Junoesque, of course. Only a slight departure from the two boards nailed together which have been *de rigueur* for so long.

A COMING-OF-AGE AND ENGAGEMENT *F. A. Swaine*

**A photograph of the banquet recently given in honour of the coming-of-age of Mr. Charles Derrick Campion and his engagement to Miss Vera Gamage. The banquet took place at the Hotel Metropole, and a hundred and fifty-eight guests were present**

# MEMORIES REFRESHED BY WORTHINGTON

## THOSE WERE DAYS

When Dan Leno starred at the Strand Tivoli and Sherlock Holmes solved problems in the Strand Magazine which had perplexed the police of two continents. When a Music Hall was primarily a hall in which one could drink beer (Worthington, wasn't it?) and the gentleman at the piano, known as "The Professor" always had a row of empty glasses at his elbow.

# HUNTING NOTES

A CROSS ROADS MEET *Central Press*

**A photograph of a recent meet of the Fernie at Hallaton. The Joint-Masters, Lord Stalbridge and Major Wernher, are seen in the centre**

HUNTING IN SUSSEX *Photopress*

**Miss Verney and the Hon. Yoskil Pearson photographed at a recent meet of the Cowdray. This took place at Waltham Park, Sussex**

### *With the Pytchley*

PYTCHLEY people will be glad to learn that there is to be no change in the working arrangements of that country at the end of the season, Colonel Jack Lowther and Mr. Ronald Tree having consented to continue in the Joint-Mastership. They have done exceedingly well in double harness so far, and the hard work which both of them put in among the farmers before the opening of the season has borne excellent fruit. While there is still more wire in the Pytchley country than is desirable, the district has become much less of a birdcage than it was a few seasons back. In spite of foot-and-mouth troubles and the rather long break caused by the wintry conditions just after Christmas, the season has been a successful one with this pack. Frank Freeman has again shown himself an incomparable huntsman. The advancing years do not appear to make the slightest difference to this gallant professional. Last week the followers of the Pytchley came in for a good day after their fixture at Great Billing. The feature was an excellent hunt lasting an hour and a half. In the end it was necessary to stop hounds on account of failing light.

### *Digging Out*

THE question of "to dig or not to dig" is one which has troubled the hunting world for as far back as I can remember. Followers of hounds certainly do not regard the practice in a favourable light, especially as it is prone to cut into the time available for riding. At the same time they realise that it is a question which must be left entirely to the discretion of the M.F.H., who, for his part, is probably no keener on digging out than the members of his field. The subject has been taken up recently by one of the so-called humanitarian societies, who have written to Masters of Hounds throughout the country suggesting that they should refrain from the use of the spade or from any other means of evicting a fox when he has gone to ground in front of hounds. The replies received from the M.F.H.s have been published. It is only in accordance with expectations that they decline point blank to have anything to do with the suggestion. In almost every case they declare that they only dig for their foxes when it is absolutely necessary in the interests of hounds. It is pointed out that in some districts that "humanitarians" might accomplish good work in tackling the question of trapping in the open, which is the cause of a great deal more suffering to various animals than is generally supposed.

### *Bad Luck*

THE Brocklesby, to whom I referred in my Notes last week, have had an unfortunate experience. Early last week they were able to resume hunting after a prolonged stoppage, mainly on account of the cattle scourge. Followers of the pack had an enjoyable day after meeting at Binbrook Hall, and it was hoped that the remainder of the season would be uncheckered. Scarcely had hounds returned to kennels when the news came of two fresh outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease within the borders of the country. This means that the activities of Lord Yarborough's pack will again be curtailed for several weeks. One or two of the neighbouring Hunts are affected by the same outbreaks. The position is one in which the Brocklesby people will receive the sincere sympathy of hunting folk more happily situated. I read an account in the papers of certain people in countries where hunting is stopped sending their horses to other regions by motor van and thereby snatching a few days' sport.

### *New M.F.H.s Wanted*

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for Lt.-Col. J. E. Munby, who at present is hunting the small Clifton-on-Teme country, on the borders of the Ludlow Hunt, to succeed Major H. C. Meredith in the Mastership of the latter pack at the close of the season. But a good many vacancies still remain to be filled. Lord Essex, who is only in his second season in the Craven country, does not propose to go on with that pack. The Garth Hounds are losing the services of their Joint-Masters, Mr. H. S. Chinnock and Lord Dorchester. Captain T. R. Colville has resigned after hunting the Cotswold for four seasons; while the subscribers to the Worcestershire Hounds are looking out for a successor to Mr. Arthur Jones, whose term of office dates back to 1906. Vacancies are also notified in the South Herefordshire and the Mendip countries.

A. W. COATEN.

# England's Great Test Match Victory

*I.B.*

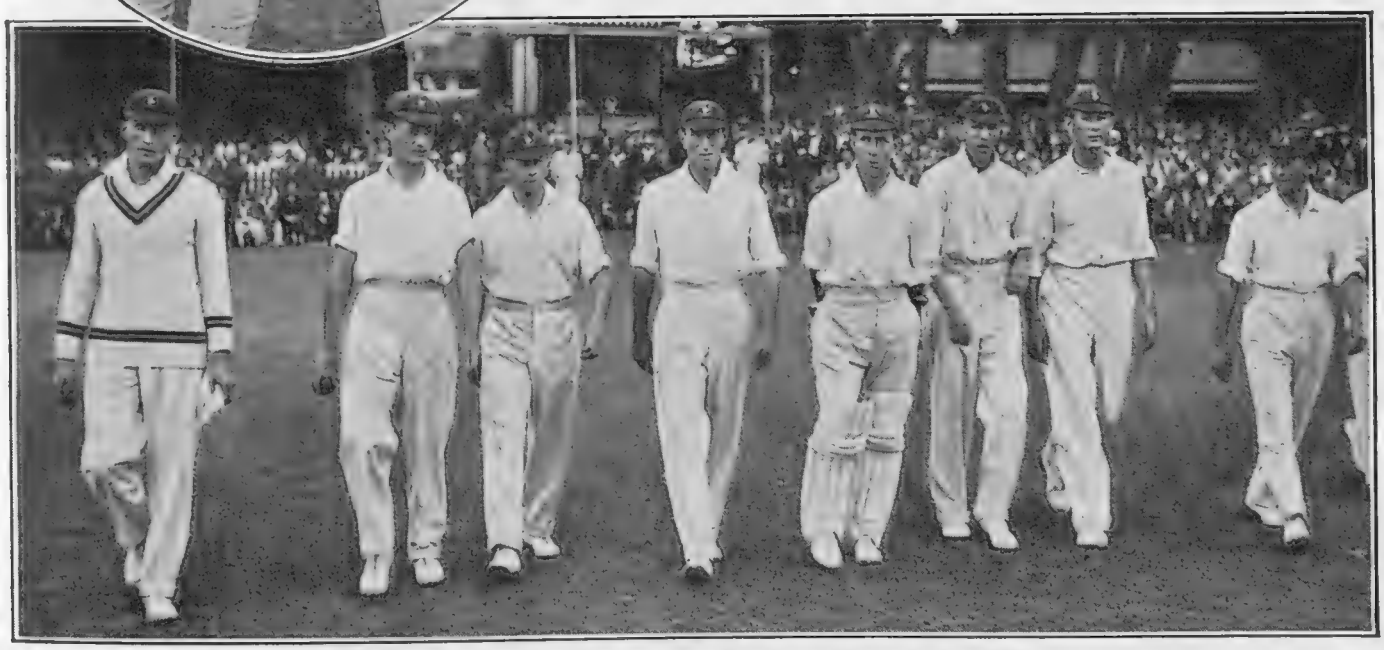
THE ENGLISH TEAM TAKING THE FIELD AGAINST SOUTH AFRICA

*I.B.*

HOLMES AND SUTCLIFFE GOING OUT TO BAT

*P. and A.*

H. W. TAYLOR AND J. M. COMMAILLE—SOUTH AFRICA'S OPENING PAIR



SOUTH AFRICA GOES OUT TO FIELD IN ENGLAND'S SECOND INNINGS *P. and A.*

Some incidents in the Second Test Match, which England won by 87 runs within half an hour of drawing stumps. England failed badly in the first innings, but thanks to Sutcliffe, Holmes, Hammond, and R. E. S. Wyatt made a good recovery in the second. The third Test Match was drawn, South Africa making the record score of 464 for 8 in the second innings

# The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

THE new series called *Representative Women* (Gerald Howe: 3*s.* 6*d.* net each) intrigues me both in the women chosen for inclusion and in the biographers invited to write about them. Half a dozen volumes are now ready, and in each case, as it seems to me, Mr. Francis Birrell has picked out the right person to write it. Mr. Geoffrey West's account of Mrs. Besant is not only a gracious vignette, but also an explanation of a very remarkable personality. Mr. Clifford Bax, admirable poet, is picturesque and dramatic in his sketch of that enigmatical woman, Bianca Capello. Miss Sackville-West, another poet, is outspoken and entertaining about Aphra Behn, whose works were not always so naughty as some people imagine, and Bonomy Dobrée's panoramic view of the one and only Sarah Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough, is not too fulsome a portrait. These I have read and enjoyed, and I expect to find Mr. Martin Armstrong's Lady Hester Stanhope and Miss Beatrice Curtis Brown's Elizabeth Chudleigh equally charming. It is a pleasant little venture with a spice of unexpectedness about it, and the books are most admirably produced.

❋

THERE are those who will tell you that Madame de Sévigné was the queen or the empress of letter-writers. Maybe she was. If you think so, there is a ten-volume edition in the original, and a nine-volume edition in English. But if, like most people, you believe that she is one of those gossips who should be "dipped into," then I recommend you to buy Mr. Richard Aldington's new selection. *Letters of Madame de Sévigné* (Routledge: 2 vols., 21*s.* net) contain all that most of us could possibly want, and as the editor has a *flair* for this kind of thing you may be sure that his introduction is exactly right. They are fine volumes, and make up the sort of present for special occasions which not only looks well, but will turn into a permanent friend.

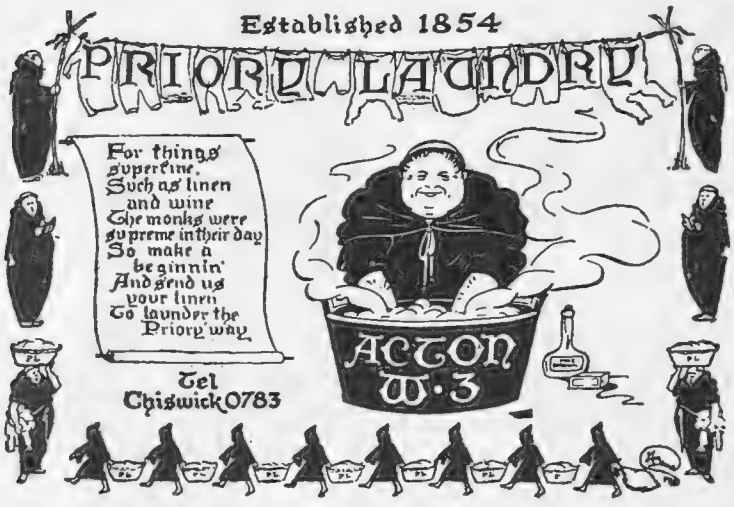
❋

THAT agreeable lunatic whom Mr. Storer Clouston released from an asylum years ago is still at large, and will never again, I hope, be shut up behind high walls. For he is very good fun, whatever mad prank he is up to. At the same time I should not be surprised to hear in a little while that he has completely recovered. You may find hints of his approaching cure—or so, at any rate, it seems to me—in the latest account of his exploits. *Mr. Essington in Love* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) still behaves in a rather peculiar way, and his morals are liable to be a little uncertain, but his Eve is a dear girl, and when her horrible husband has been decently slaughtered I foresee at least two young people living happily ever afterwards. Meanwhile here is Mr. Essington careering about in various new disguises, with Mr. Clouston in his very best form.

❋

ALTHOUGH it will not be everybody's book, I would like to say a word about a very strange human document called *The Locomotive God* (Chapman and Hall: 18*s.* net). This comes from America, and is the intimate autobiography of a scholar cursed from boyhood with one of those terrible mental afflictions which most men try to hide and which are so difficult to explain. Mr. William Leonard, the author of this book, has steeled himself to tell everything which bears on his phobia. He has always lived in terror of noises and the outer world. It is only with the utmost difficulty that he can bring himself to go more than a few yards from his own house. Yet in other respects he is entirely normal.

Of recent years a whole library of books on these mysterious phobias have appeared, and very unpleasant reading for the layman most of them make. Mr. Leonard is outspoken, but never unpleasant. He has traced back his trouble to a childhood affair in which a rumbling train played its monstrous part, and although psycho-analysts may smile here and there, those who are interested in human stories will be intensely intrigued by Mr. Leonard's account of himself. It is on the long side, and undue importance may be given to this or that little matter, but the book is curiously fascinating, and its sincerity is never in doubt.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# Motoring in Winter

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But the lubricant must be right, for easy starting—the feeling of 'life' in your engine—all are matters largely dependent upon the lubricant used.

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# MOTOR NOTES

A POPULAR CAR

**One of the new two-litre six-cylinder Rovers standing by the new Star and Garter Home at Richmond. Extraordinary success has attended the marketing of this very moderately priced 16 h.p. model**

IF asked to guess the name of the wire-wheeled fabric saloon which I saw recently I might well be excused if I named one or two at nearly twice the price of this one. It is actually a 12-35 h.p. Clyno, with a new body, recently standardised by the makers, and sold at £295. This is a fabric-covered four-door saloon of an extremely smart design, which forms a sort of *de luxe* version of the 12-35 h.p., which is the largest of the three Clyno cars. It is trimmed in the best furniture hide, the front seat is adjustable, and the rear seat is finished off in the Chesterfield style. At the rear of the front seat are capacious pockets, and below a combined tool-box and foot-rest for the rear seat passengers. Pillar pulls are also provided for them, and there is a parcel net in the roof, as well as cubby holes at each side of the instrument board. A travelling trunk is fitted at the rear, covered to harmonise with the body, and fitted complete with two suit cases. The choice of body colours is black, maroon, blue, or brown, with a waist-line in a contrasting colour, and wire wheels are fitted as standard. This remarkably attractive job has been given the name of the Clyno "Olympic" fabric saloon.

***

MANY records in slow travel were achieved during the seasonable weather we had last Christmas. One I saw quoted was for a 2½-mile stretch on the London-Eastbourne Road, which took a driver three-quarters of an hour to cover. But I think a number of us who were at the Rugger International at Twickenham on January 7, England *v.* the Waratahs, could easily beat all records. From the time I started to move out of the car park it took me fifty minutes to cover a furlong, *i.e.*, 220 yards. One sympathises with the R.A.C. in the many problems it has to solve in organising car parking at Twickenham, the approaches to which are so restricted. But surely something better than this could be achieved?

***

THERE was, to begin with, a long delay before any cars were allowed out along the road being used by pedestrians; *i.e.*, if you went by car you were not allowed to move until the last of the crowd of several tens of thousands had walked down at his leisure. Why should motorists be thus penalised? When approaching the ground they had to thread their way through pedestrians, and each made way for the other. Surely there is no insuperable objection to the same procedure at the finish.

***

SALOON time might be described these days as any of the months with an R in them, and—in this country—not a few of those without an R. February is one of them, a month when most drivers and passengers like the windows tightly closed. Speaking for himself, however, the average driver likes to have his own window quickly openable so that he can easily extend an arm to give warning of his movements. The "wind-up" type of window is nowadays more popular than the two-piece sliding pattern, but the trouble with the former is that it is too slow in operation to allow the driver to open it each time he wants to signal—and to close it afterwards. The sliding type of window, however, can be opened or closed in a moment, and is particularly suitable for the driver. It would seem, then, that the best thing is a compromise, with wind-up windows for the near-side front and both rear doors, and sliding panels for the driver—a system which is used, incidentally, on at least one British saloon, the 14 h.p. Standard.

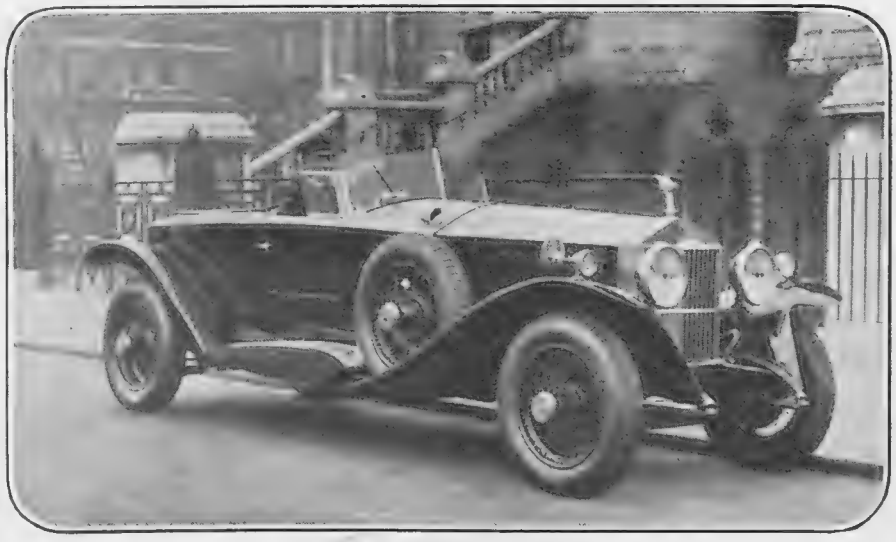
***

THIS car, by the way, has been greatly improved, both as regards chassis and bodywork, since it was introduced two years ago, and at £325 represents one of the best values in its class to-day. The new fabric body is handsome in appearance and has a luxurious interior, with comfortable accommodation for five persons. If the makers have aimed at producing a family saloon with a good performance and about every known motoring comfort, it must be acknowledged that in this new fabric saloon they have been particularly successful. I have recently tried one of these saloons, and probably the outstanding feature of its performance is the surprising degree of life it evinces. It is a typical British family car of supreme comfort and reliability, and you do not normally expect any great powers of acceleration from this *genus*; but the Standard has them to a quite astonishing degree. Once warmed up, it reveals a wonderfully high turn of speed and liveliness. The body is now available with a folding roof of neat and attractive design.

***

A NEW scheme which should result in attracting a large number of American visitors to this country during the sporting season has gradually been brought into operation by the Cunard Steamship Company. Briefly, the idea is to relieve the wealthy American of the trouble involved in arrangements for renting sporting estates by quoting an inclusive figure for the trip across the Atlantic, the necessary shooting rights, the accommodation, servants, sporting employees, and even, in some instances, the supply of food. This inclusive arrangement, so far as the shootings are concerned, has already been in operation in one or two cases, and has proved entirely successful. American sporting visitors generally want to know in advance exactly what their liabilities will be, and object to being worried by subsidiary and unforeseen items. It is anticipated, therefore, that they will take kindly to the Cunard Company's elaborate scheme. The scheme is not without interest to the motor trade, as it ought to be possible to interest the wealthy visitor in British cars as well as in Scottish game.

E. M. WRIGHT.



THE EMBODIMENT OF SPEED

**A Barker Sports Torpedo mounted on a long 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis photographed outside the Tate Gallery. This car attracted a considerable amount of attention at the Olympia Motor Show last Autumn**

# OUR CLIENTS AND OURSELVES

WE are proud to retain the friendship and confidence of our clients.

Never do we permit dissatisfaction to enter into any transaction. We invite our customers to come back to us if they are not pleased with any detail of their purchase.

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**M. BEETHAM & SON**
CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

Fine stitching, a fringed bow and chenille embroidery trim a trio of the latest felts, from Robert Heath, Knightsbridge

# Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

### *Triangles and Squares*

LAST year ushered in the small pattern on silk materials of all kinds. This Spring sees it even more firmly established. Though the final result of the designs is good, a close scrutiny may reveal decided crudeness. Tiny triangles, squares and oblongs in two or more shades jostle one another on a contrasting background. Sometimes they overlap. Yet, the effect is pleasing, and, what to many is still more important, smart. Real silk will have to look to its laurels, for the artificial variety is of a pushing nature! More forward than ever in the Spring collections!

### *The Spring Silks*

A BEAUTIFUL new real silk *crêpe* satin is called Byzantine. As the description suggests, it has a shiny wave-like effect on one side, the reverse resembling marocain. Another novelty is an artificial silk satin with a dull, *suède*-like surface. It is ordained for suits and coats, and is something decidedly different from anything one has seen before. Artificial silk jersey velour appears richly patterned, or plain with a border. Small floral designs have been chosen for the real silk muslins, and Shantung, which became much more popular (and deservedly so) last year, is promised an even greater success.

### *Chenille and Fine Stitching*

HATS are rendered decorative by simple means this season. Rows of fine stitching provide an attractive trimming on felt. An example of this may be seen in the hat on the left above, the crown of which has a stitched petal effect, while the brim is in keeping. In the centre is a popular little model with a dented crown. The fringed ends to its ribbon knot give a quaint finish. Chenille embroidery is a feature of the remaining sketch and a leaf design has been chosen, the edge of the brim being worked in chenille as well. All these hats may be bought from Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge, in various shades.

### *Millinery for All*

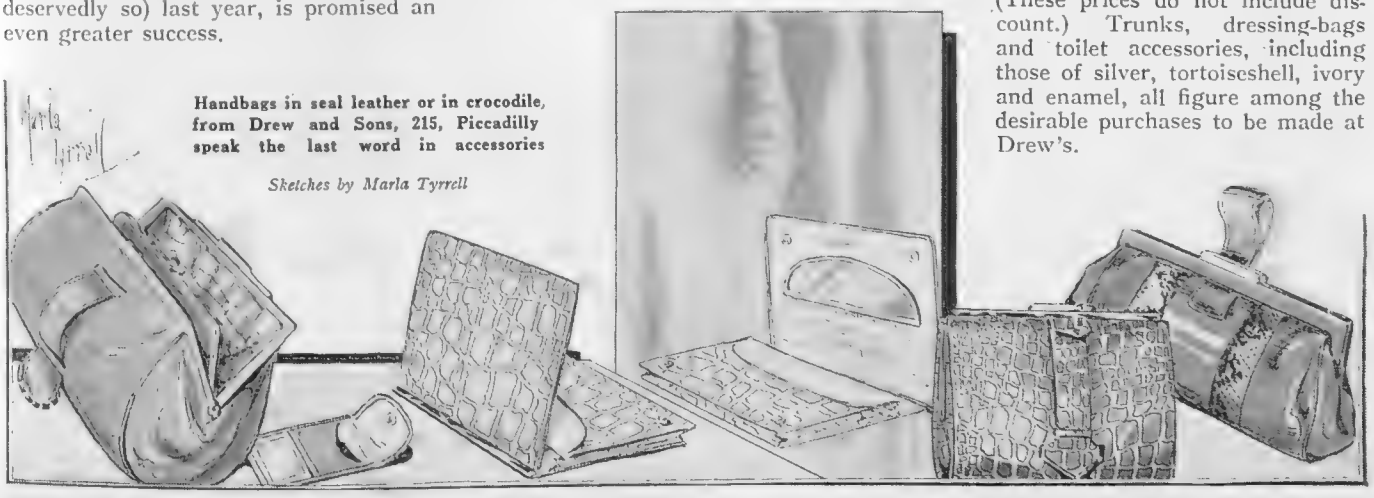
WOMEN know that to be a success a hat must fit perfectly. No amount of adjustment later can produce the "snug" look that spells smartness. Robert Heath's models are stocked in a number of head sizes. Moreover, they are designed for all ages! A charming and becoming matron's hat is as carefully created as the one for her daughter. Their felts are renowned for being "unspottable" and waterproof and, of course, for abroad, sun felts are a speciality.

### *Take Care of the Details—*

AND the suit will take care of itself. That, as everyone knows, is a golden rule in the art of good dressing. The handbag, most important of accessories, is one of the details that counts very considerably. It is certain to be "right," though, if Messrs. Drew and Sons (they are moving from the corner of Piccadilly Circus and Regent Street to 215, Piccadilly—just two doors away) have anything to say in the matter. Four of their latest designs have been sketched in the group below, and the rebuilding discount of 20 per cent. that is allowed off the usual prices is a very special attraction.

### *The Latest Handle*

THIS is most conveniently placed for carrying—note the first bag on the left—when, as is usual, one holds it closely or clasps it under the arm. The model in question is of blue seal leather, priced at £4 15s. A flat bag in beige crocodile, with a strip of silver gilt at the top, comes next at £8 18s. 6d. It is shown from two angles. Dark brown crocodile with a front handle describes the third, for £7 18s. 6d., and black seal leather with bands of lizard the fourth, for £2 10s. (These prices do not include discount.) Trunks, dressing-bags and toilet accessories, including those of silver, tortoiseshell, ivory and enamel, all figure among the desirable purchases to be made at Drew's.



**Handbags in seal leather or in crocodile, from Drew and Sons, 215, Piccadilly speak the last word in accessories**

*Sketches by Marla Tyrrell*

### *Frocks on the Stage*

THERE'S inspiration for women of all ages in the charming gowns worn in *Sauce for the Gander,* produced at the Lyric on Monday night. They're by Reville, of Hanover Square. The young girl will covet Miss Jean May's flounced evening frock of flesh-pink chiffon with its trail of *nattier* blue roses and silver leaves, and even more, perhaps, her cloak of silver *lamé* lined with blue and collared in white fox. More sophisticated is Miss Iris Hoey's exquisite white dress of satin *beauté* and tulle, with a transparent yoke embroidered in *diamanté* leaves, and masses of silver-edged frills forming its billowy, uneven skirt. Her wrap is a white Spanish shawl embroidered in large red flowers. Miss Helen Haye's gowns will enchant the older woman, especially the draped one of apricot panne velvet with topaz embroideries. The cloak worn over this is of gold, red and blue brocade, with a collar of apricot fox.

### *A New All-weather Sports Cloth*

ALL those who indulge in any of the vigorous outdoor sports—golfing, riding, climbing and ski-ing—should consider seriously having their clothes made of "Everest cloth." It is a pure wool material, giving the maximum warmth, is windproof, rainproof, yet porous, and will stand the roughest usage. Prominent members of the Alpine Club are said to endorse these claims, and surely they are among the best judges of the merits of a cloth for sports wear. Good tailors stock it (those who don't soon will, for the quality of this unique cloth is becoming rapidly known).

**Shoes for the new season, at Abbott's, 82, Regent Street, express themselves in terms of willow calf, gunmetal patent, lizard, crocodile and brocaded calf leather**

### *Brocaded Calf Leather*

EXCEPT upon close acquaintance evening shoes of this cannot be distinguished from those in silk brocade. In wear, though, there's a great difference, for naturally the leather is more durable. The lower single bar shoe, on the right above, from Abbott's, is in blue and gold, black or blonde and silver stamped calf, at 63s. Above it is a crocodile one-strap model at 50s. To the left of these two, the smart walking shoe of grey lizard is 63s., and has a Spanish Cuban heel.

### *The Jewelled Heel*

STILL a great favourite for dancing or the theatre, the jewelled heel is to be found in many beautiful designs at Abbott's, 82, Regent Street. The example sketched costs 21s. It is in black, studded in *diamanté*. The court shoe illustrated is of gunmetal patent, at 42s. As to the remaining model, it is the celebrated one-bar tan willow calf sports shoe, known as No. 99, and guaranteed waterproof, at 30s.

### *Country Tweeds*

THE tailor-made; dressed in which an Englishwoman is said to look her best, is not chosen in a hurry. She takes care that it is made by a firm noted for cut and finish, so that her reputation for elegance is ensured. Aquascutum, of 100, Regent Street, is patronised by all desiring sports, country and town suits of unquestionable quality. They are responsible for the model shown on the left, in Scotch or Cumberland tweed, the coat of which has a collar and cuffs of Tasmanian opossum. Directly below is one of their travel overcoats of camel fleece, costing from 10 guineas, which is equally attractive in a plain or checked design.

### *Collapsible Nursery Furniture*

THIS is a compact age, and the art of fitting things in is one many, whether birds of passage or home birds, must learn. In this respect the collapsible nursery furniture obtainable from Boots, 182, Regent Street, is the greatest boon. There is the "Bath-Cot," invaluable for use at home in house, garden, or when staying in hotels. It folds for packing in an instant without unscrewing, and, as its name implies, serves two purposes. The cane "Collapso" crib is another ingenious invention; while on the same folding principle there are children's hardwood chairs and play-tables.

*Sketches by Beta*

**A suit of Scotch tweed, known as the "Bramshott," trimmed with Tasmanian opossum fur, comes from Aquascutum, 100, Regent St.**

**Also from Aquascutum, is the travel coat above, carried out in their celebrated camel fleece and obtainable plain or with an overcheck**

# The only village in England—

## *that did not join the Mustard Club!*

"There's misery for you," said the Baron de Beef. "Even the pig looks depressed to think there'll be no mustard with the bacon. Seems to be a rheumaticky sort of place, too. Look at that old man."

"Poor old fellow," murmured Miss Di Gester, sympathetically.

"It's mostly his own fault," said the Baron. "He was the man who prevented them having a branch of the Mustard Club in the village. If only he'd known how a hot Mustard Bath eases the pain of rheumatism and draws it out of the system!"

"But what's happened to the rest of the inhabitants?"

"Oh, they've gone—gone to a place where there *is* a branch of the Mustard Club. They were always getting indigestion, and losing their appetites, and feeling rotten generally. Of course, good health depends on a good digestion, and you can't have a good digestion without Mustard. So they flitted."

"Well, the whole place gives me the shivers," said Miss Di Gester.

"Shivers?" cried the Baron. "That means you're starting a cold. Off you go at once—straight home and into a hot Mustard Bath. If that doesn't shake it off nothing will."

## JOIN THE MUSTARD CLUB!

### *The Ideal Laundry*

I have just found it! We might have met years ago, for it was established in 1854. That doesn't mean that it is in the least old-fashioned (except, perhaps, in the great value it puts upon the careful handling of valuable old family linen). On the contrary, everything there is run with modern efficiency. I have seen, and therefore ought to know. To begin with, that one-time practice of marking one's precious belongings with ink is unknown. Also the use of injurious chemicals, or a loss, everything being far too methodically checked. The packing of dainty garments upon return would do justice to a Bond Street dressmaker! To be able to put clean clothes on right away, without further airing, is another great point. The hot cupboards for the latter purpose speak the last word in up-to-date "method." In cases of urgency, special posting or delivery is assured, and in the actual handling of the work itself particular attention is given to individual wishes. We all have our fads as to how we like certain articles "done," which makes this last-mentioned point of no little importance. Apart from the many testimonials, I think the most practical proof of efficient service lies in the fact that numerous households moving temporarily or altogether out of town continue to send their linen to be laundered in "The Priory Way." All wishing for further particulars should write to The Priory Laundry, Ltd., Packington Road, Acton, W.3, for a comprehensive price list.

READY FOR RETURN

**One of the corners in the Packing Department at the Priory Laundry, Ltd., Acton, W.3. Here everything is checked finally and folded ready for delivery**

### *The Lure of the East*

It would be difficult to imagine a more enjoyable and intriguing holiday than a motor tour through North Africa. The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, Ltd., of 20, Cockspur Street, S.W.1, are arranging private tours by high-class 3-, 4- and 5-seater landaulet or limousine cars through Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, the Sahara, and round the Niger. These tours are also run with grouped cars which take ten persons, and all the steamers, cars, hotels, etc., are under the control of one single management.

A WONDERFUL "TEN-POINTER"

**A fine specimen of a wild New Zealand red deer head. By courtesy of Mr. F. H. Hayward, a unique collection of heads of red deer shot by a well-known New Zealand sportsman and author of books on sport in that Dominion is on view at the showroom of Hayward Automobiles, Ltd., Kingsbury House, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.1**

### *New Records to Know*

Among the latest Brunswick dance records released are "Who's that Knocking at My Door?" and "Marvellous," two vocal foxtrots played by Jules Harbureaux and his orchestra, and "You Sing That Song to Somebody Else," played by Harry Archer and his orchestra.

Every Woman

knows that conspicuous growths of superfluous hair rob her of daintiness and invite critical and unwelcome glances. How to get rid of such hair is still a perplexing problem for many. Millions of women have found a satisfactory solution to this intimate problem by using VEET; this perfumed, velvety cream removes hair as if by magic. Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath it*. You simply spread Veet on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone. Satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case, or money is refunded. Veet may be obtained for 1/6 and 3/– at chemists, hairdressers and stores.

VEET 1/6
Removes Hair Like Magic

P&O CRUISES, 1928
by the RANCHI 16,600 tons

| Cruise | Sailing | ITINERARY. | Days | Fares from |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | May 3 | To Malaga, Cagliari (Sardinia), Naples, Messina (for Taormina), Rhodes, Famagusta, Mitylene, Constantinople, Athens, Malta and Tangier. | 28 | 48 GNS. |
| B | June 1 | To Lisbon, Tangier, Palma (Majorca), Naples, Palermo (Sicily), Cagliari (Sardinia), Algiers, Malaga and Vigo. | 17 | 27 GNS. |
| C | June 19 | To Lisbon, Tangier, Barcelona, Monaco, Ajaccio (Corsica), Cagliari (Sardinia), Palma (Majorca) and Gibraltar. | 17 | 27 GNS. |
| D | July 7 | London and Leith to the Norwegian Fjords, including Molde, Aandalsnes, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Olden, Loen, Balholm, Mundal, Laerdal and Bergen. | 13 | 20 GNS. |
| E | July 21 | London and Leith to the Fjords, including Ulvik, Molde, Aandalsnes, Oie, Hellesylt, Merok, Olden, Loen, Balholm, Laerdal and Bergen. | 13 | 20 GNS. |
| F | Aug. 4 | To Norheimsund, Tysse, Bergen, Oslo, Copenhagen, Bornholm, Helsingfors, Stockholm, Visby (weather permitting; if not, Gothenburg) and Rotterdam. | 19 | 30 GNS. |
| G | Aug. 24 | To Lisbon, Gibraltar, Barcelona, Palma (Majorca), Algiers and Vigo. | 14 | 22 GNS. |
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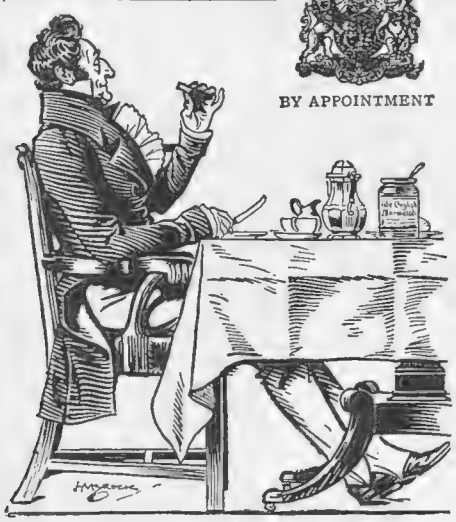

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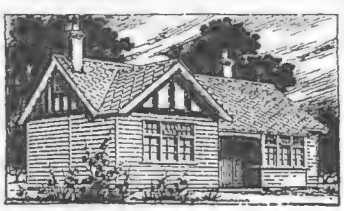

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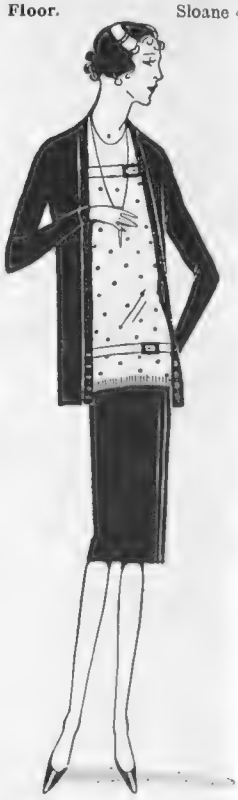

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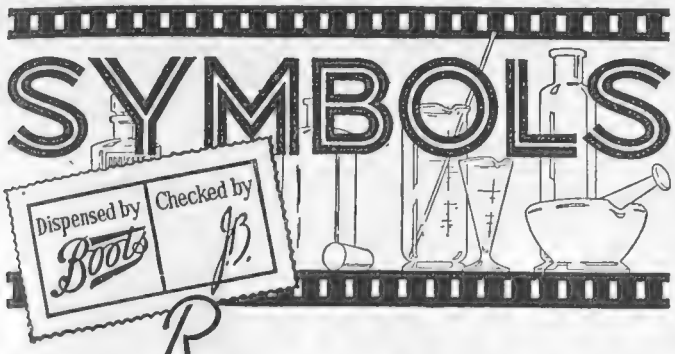


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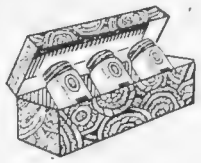

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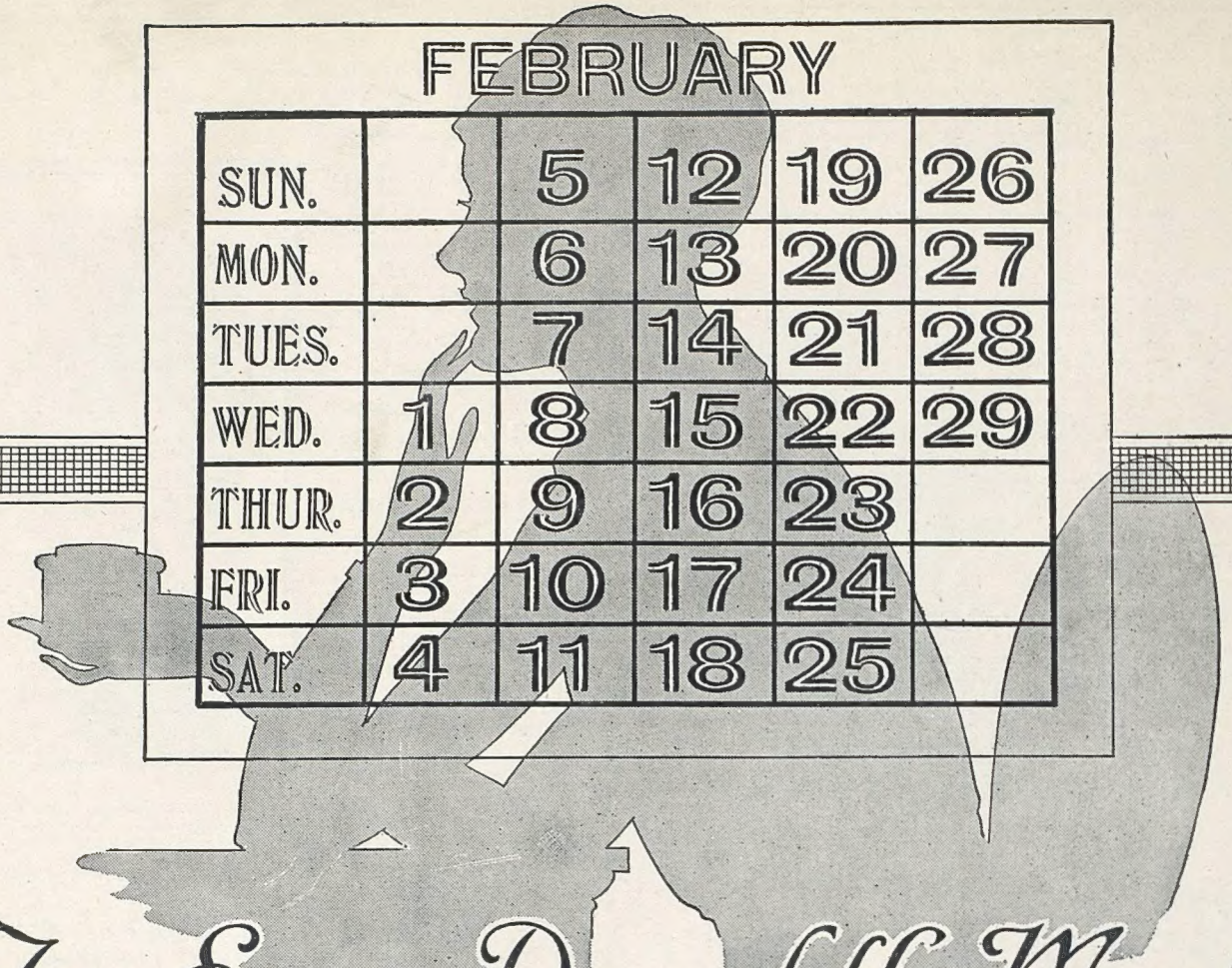


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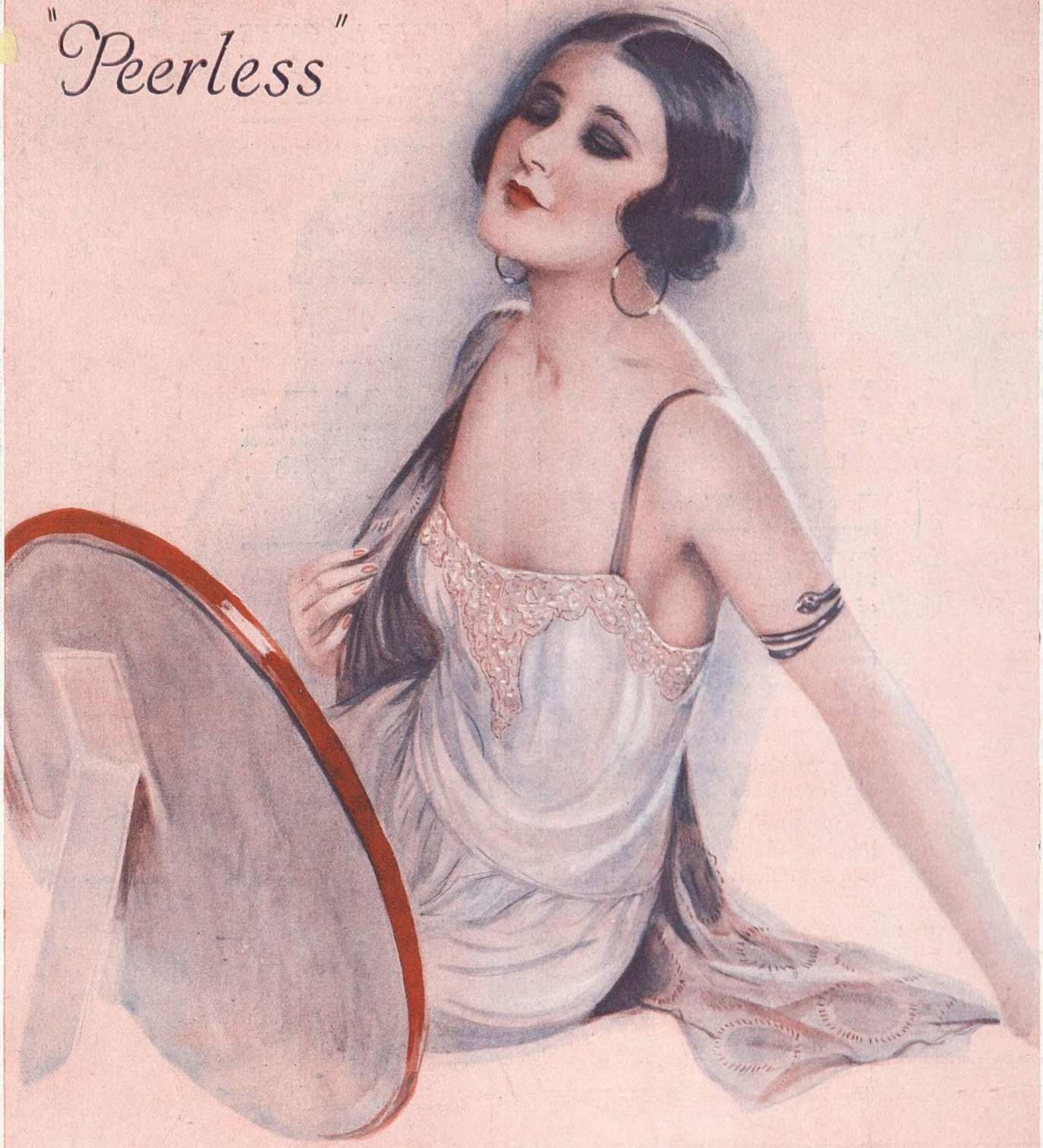

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